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TOWN AND COUNTRY.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

London :

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PROLOGUE.

By Mr. TAYLOR.

“ FASHION in every thing bears sov'reign sway,”—
Says the gay record of a peaceful day,
And still, though dread convulsions shake the Ball,
Before her throne conflicting nations fall.
Howe'er they else may differ, each agrees
In full accord with her august decrees ;
Decrees she changes with the passing wind,
Yet all in turn a prompt obedience find,
E'en BRITAIN, that all other force disdains,
Submits to her caprice, and courts her chains.
Shall then a Bard with rash presumption tow'r,
And dare rebel 'gainst her imperial pow'r !
Yes—let the subject world the sway confess
Of this wild Tyrant o'er the realms of dress,
But let her baleful licence ne'er annoy
The sacred confines of domestic joy ;
Ne'er tempt the husband wayward chance to try,
Where Ruin hovers o'er the fatal die ;
Or, wrapt in Gallantry's alluring 'guise,
The slighted wife's unguarded hour surprise ;
When Fashion thus employs her direful art,
To warp the passions, and pollute the heart,
The scenic Muse her empire should disown,
Indignant rise, and pull her from her throne ;
And hence our zealous Bard, no stranger here,
Attempts to check her in her mad career :
Well may he hope to gain in such a cause,
What oft before has cheer'd him, your applause.
Then aid his effort for so just an end,
And Fashion may appear as Virtue's friend ;
So shall your kindness lead our rising youth
To honest Nature, and to simple Truth.

CHARACTERS.

Plastic	MR. C. KEMBLE.
Trot.....	MR. BLANCHARD.
Cosey	MR. FAWCETT.
The Rev. Owen Glenroy.....	MR. MURRAY.
Reuben Glenroy	MR. KEMBLE.
Captain Glenroy	MR. BRUNTON.
1st Tradesman, <i>a Taylor</i> ,.....	MR. LEE.
2d Tradesman, <i>a Shoemaker</i> ,	MR. WILDE.
3d Tradesman, <i>a Stick Seller</i> ,	MR. SERJEANT.
4th Tradesman, <i>a Milliner</i> ,	MR. MENAGE.
Armstrong } <i>Clerks to Trot.</i> {	MR. WADDY.
Dwindle }	MR. ABBOT.
Ross	MR. CRESWELL
Williams	MR. KING.
Evans	MR. TRUMAN.
Groom Porter	
1st Waiter.....	MR. TREBY.
2d Waiter.....	MR. FIELD.
Stilt	MR. BEVERLY.
Robin.....	MR. ATKINS
Hawbuck	MR. EMERY.
Robert, <i>Servant to Mrs. Glenroy</i> , ..	MR. JEFFERIES.
Thomas, <i>Servant to Trot</i> ,.....	MR. PLATT.
Postillion.....	MR. T. BLANCHARD.
The Hon. Mrs. Glenroy	MRS. GLOVER.
Rosalie Somers.....	MISS BRUNTON.
Mrs. Trot	MRS. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Moreen.....	MRS. DAVENPORT.
Goody Hawbuck	MRS. EMERY.
Taffline.....	MISS TYRER.
Waiting-maid	MISS COX.
Nurse.....	MRS. WHITMORE.

VILLAGERS.—DANCERS.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A romantic country—large cotton manufactory. Canal, with wheels in motion occupying the fore-ground—a gentleman's house in the distance—In the back-ground a mountain.—Porters are carrying bales of cotton.*

Enter TROT. ARMSTRONG, and DWINDLE, *from Compting-house.*

Trot. Let me see—goods sent by canal—very fine order indeed—By waggon, capital—now, Armstrong, when I'm in London, (where I am going, heaven knows against my will) I shall rely on your activity and care.—

1st Clerk. Will you? You had better not; I'm sure when you are gone, I sha'n't be half so careful, nor half so honest.

Trot. You won't?

1st Clerk. No, nor will any of us.

Trot. That's candid however.

Arm. Now you are with us, every morn-

ing we hear you say, well done, my worthy fellows, and that does our hearts good; and then we say, long life to Mr. Trot, our worthy master, and that does your heart good.

Dwin. (*Apart to Trot.*) Perhaps, Sir, your wife wishes to go to London, and if so—

Trot. (*Apart.*) That's it.

Arm. Then, why leave us, Sir?

Trot. I hardly know how to make you comprehend. You are not married, Armstrong, are you?

Arm. Oh, no, Sir. (*Jumping up with vivacity.*)

Trot. Well, dam' it, you need not jump so. You can stand still, I suppose tho' you are not married. You are Dwindle?

Dwin. Oh, yes, Sir.

Trot. You see how quietly he behaves.—I say, explain it to him—You know the old excuses—weaker sex—pleasure of pleasing—nervous sensibility—quiet life—smoky chimney—(*Apart to Dwindle.*)

Dwin. Oh yes, Sir, I know.—

Trot. There, go, go,—I'll follow you to the compting-house. (*Exeunt clerks.*)

Enter ROBIN, *with two parcels.*

What have you there, Robin?

Robin. This, Sir, contains a gross of gentlemen's cravats.

Trot. And the small one?

Robin. The same number of ladies' dresses, Sir.—

Trot. Ha, ha! go along—you are a qucer fellow, Robin.

Robin. (*Looking out.*) Here's a chaise, Sir.

Trot. Oh, I suppose somebody coming to pay me a large sum.

Robin. Four horses.

Trot. That's more like somebody coming to borrow. Why 'tis my son-in-law, Charles Plastic.—Run and tell my wife—(*Exit Robin.*) He has come from London, happy fellow! but I'm going to it.

Enter PLASTIC.

Ah, Charles, I'm glad to see you.

Plas. Thank you. Well father-in-law, how are the extensive works, the machinery, and—my mother?

Trot. Why, the water-wheels, the spinning-jenny's and your mother twirl about pretty brisk; and make about as much noise as usual. And how is *your* health, Charles?

Plas. Low.

Trot. Your purse?

Plas. Empty.

Trot. Ah! all occasioned by neglecting my advice.

Plas. All occasioned by following it.

Trot. Come that must be a glorious falsehood.

Plas. A most humiliating truth—For proof now,—your first admonition to me was—never tamely to submit to an insult.

Trot. To be sure.

Plas. I resented the first I receiv'd,—and had a bullet lodged in this shoulder, which I am told, will plague me all my life.

Trot. Well, but did you obey my next instruction, never to let a friend in distress want assistance.

Plas. Religiously.

Trot. Well, and the consequence was—

Plas. That I went to jail instead of my friends, and had the felicity of leaning my cheek against the iron bars, and see them drive past in their curricles, so full of feeling, kind souls, they could not lift up their eyes to behold the man who had put the reins in their hands.—No, no,—your Utopian theory won't assimilate with Bond Street practice; a man must now wear his understanding, as he does his clothes, according to the last new fashion—So, behold Charles Plastic, no longer called a dupe; but, by the assent of the whole town, the best fellow in the world—

Trot. The best fellow in the world! But how did you contrive to make every body so delighted with you?

Plas. Simply by making every one delighted with himself:—ingeniously withdrawing my opinion to make room for that of others; and raising the laugh against myself, and by that means preventing the rest of the world from doing so,—and thus the best fellow in the world may either play the devil with impunity, or have credit for practising the cardinal virtues, without even knowing their names—But where's my lady mother all this while? Oh she's here.

Enter MRS. TROT.

Mrs. T. My dear Charles—Well, is all prepared?—the new London house?—

Plas. Is unique, splendid and capacious; and at your command, its doors, like flood-gates, will open and receive the full-tide of fashion.

Mrs. T. Charming—let us away!

Trot. But I don't know the fashionable folks in London, except some in the cotton line.

Plas. My dear Sir, don't be uneasy: formerly indeed, recruiting for stylish connections, was a tedious, regular service; but, now, only open a new house, and you raise friends, as the French did soldiers, *en masse*, egad!

Trot. Then I think in the present age of depravity, if my house must be a rendezvous for fashionable recruits, it would not be amiss to give notice that bringers of good men will be handsomely rewarded.

Mrs. T. How vulgar? but I deserve it, for descending from my family dignity, and marrying one of, what I may call, the lower house.

Trot. Why, certainly, my dear, I may be said to belong to the house that furnishes the supplies.

Mrs. T. That's a very good joke.

Trot. Yes, and not at your expense.

Mrs. T. Expense! Did not my family (the ancient family of the Plastic's) in their election contests with Sir Cardigan Somers, absolutely throw into the dirt a hundred thousand pounds?

Trot. Well, but you know that's all over.

Mrs. T. And were not you a little plodding creature, happy and contented?

Trot. Well, but that's all over.

Mrs. T. And was not I young—beautiful—

Trot. Well, but that's all over.

Mrs. T. What! But I see how it is—you wish to lacerate my heart to break my tender thread of life.

Trot. Don't say so, my dear—tender thread! Dam'me, 'tis double twill'd! (*Apart.*)

Enter ROBERT, Mrs. Glenroy's servant, in a travelling Dress.

Robert. The Honourable Mrs. Glenroy, on her way to London, begs to pay her compliments.

Mrs. T. Happy to see her.

[*Exit Robt.*

Plas. (Apart.) Ah, my lovely pupil—the divine Honoria!—related, Madam, to our house.

Mrs. T. True, the daughter of Lord Moulder:—Imprudently married, I hear.

Plas. Oh, no; I advised her to marry Glenroy—an intimate friend of mine.

Mrs. T. Who is he?

Plas. Faith I scarcely know who he is; but he's a fine fellow, a captain, and all that, and she's a fine creature, and ought to be brought among us, and all that.

Mrs. T. She has no fortune—has he money?

Plas. I should think not a guinea; but I dare say they will come through pretty well this winter, which is as long as the most foresighted of us look to—we must start them—then they'll turn into the ranks and so forth.

Trot. And then turn into a jail, and so forth.

[*Goes up the stage.*

PLASTIC exit and hands in Mrs. GLENROY.

Mrs. G. Well, you good creature, you see I've kept my promise; but, do you know, I believe I am a very vulgar woman.

Plas. Why, keeping a promise is, I own, symptomatic.

Mrs. G. No, no, not that; but just now I went into a cottage, and kissed all the handsome dirty, little angels, and gave the woman a guinea. How she stared! I hope it was not out of taste—they seemed so happy—heigh ho!

Plas. A tear!

Mrs. G. There,—I know I am an abominably vulgar wretch—I want to see my husband, and my child—

Plas. The devil you do! (*Apart.*) Oh, fie! fie! Upon my honour, if this should get into the parties, you'll be absolutely left out.

Mrs. G. Oh, don't say so. For, though I have not the least pleasure at them, yet to be left out! horrible idea!—

Plas. Dreadful!

Mrs. G. What a good soul you are to guide me, or how easily might a young creature like me, be deluded by the charms of nature, and the joys of a happy home!—

Plas. Very true; but I must introduce you, Madam—the Honourable Mrs. Glenroy.

Mrs. T. Related to our house.

Mrs. G. Proud of that honour.

Plas. Mr. Trot, my father-in-law.

Trot. Occasioned by my marrying his mother

Mrs. G. Ha, ha! a very satisfactory explanation. What a beautiful country I have

pass'd.—The view from the mountain absolutely petrified me.

Trot. Petrified! Ma'am, I can shew you a petrified wig, occasioned—

Mrs. T. My poor little man has not much fancy.—But may I ask, who is the person you have introduced to our family as your husband?

Mrs. G. A captain in the army, Madam; of course a gentleman.

Mrs. T. But is his family ancient?—What is his coat?

Mrs. G. Scarlet, Madam.

Mrs. T. I mean, what does he quarter?

Mrs. G. The enemies of his country, Madam.

Mrs. T. You will not understand.—Has he any supporters?

Mrs. G. Only these arms, Madam.

Trot. Pretty soul!

Mrs. T. Your parents ought to have provided a man of family.

Mrs. G. Oh, they did.

Mrs. T. Sufficiently ancient?

Mrs. G. He was Sixty-seven.

Mrs. T. Settlements made?

Mrs. G. Oh, every thing was prepared that could make a parent happy, or a daughter miserable. Parchment enough to drape Westminster Hall, where every fracture in the conjugal chain was provided against; even to the solder of separate maintenance for personal infidelity.—But no, I took the man of my heart, proudly spurning those alliances, where all is fairly engrossed, but the affections, and every thing duly stamp'd, except an impression

on the heart. But come, Charles, you good creature, shew the lions; for my limbs are cramped by that odious chaise, to a degree.—

Mrs. T. Will you make one in our carriage to London? but, as you please; for my maxim is,—that every one should do just as they like.—Mr. Trot, your old attitude again. (*Angrily.*)—Ease and the spirit of accommodation is every thing. Mr. Trot and I always ride with the glasses down, and face the horses.

Trot. Occasioned by long habits of driving a whiskey. But won't you take a corner in our coach?

Mrs. G. Why, Sir, you surely won't keep a coach.—

Trot. What must I keep?

Mrs. G. Any thing but a coach.—Even a barouche is antiquated.—Look into Bond-street, and you will see two fashionable puppies in a dog-cart,—half a dozen elegantes in a fish-cart, and a dashing whip, smiling as he smoaks along, though he has his whole family behind him in an eccentric vehicle, he calls a hearse, ha! ha! But come, Charles—good bye.

Mrs. T. What a favourite Charles is!

Mrs. G. Oh; he's the best creature in the world; for he lets one laugh at him; and his good natured prattle is like the confectioners' mottos, full of point, yet always surrounded with sugar.

[*Exit with Plastic.*]

Trot. (*Apart.*) Pretty soul.

Enter ROBIN and GOODY HAWBUCK.

Robin. Goody Hawbuck wants you, Sir.

Mrs. T. Some other time. Your arm, Mr. Trot.

Trot. What's the matter?

Robin. She says she is in distress.—May she speak to you?

Trot. You say she's in distress?

Robin. Yes Sir.

Trot. Then why ask unnecessary questions.—Come here! (*Beckons to Goody Hawbuck.*) What's amiss?

G. Haw. I wish to speak to your honour about my son Jacky: but I'm ashamed to trouble—

Trot. Trouble! Nonsense! Come, be quick!

G. Haw. I will, your honour. I sent Jacky to a Yorkshire school, to get a learned iddication, that he might provide for us all; but lack-a-day! Jacky has brought nought wi him from Yorkshire, but Latin; and, instead of keeping us, we are forced to keep him. So, as he is not fit for any thing, I thought your good honour would take him into your service.

Trot. A very strong recommendation, certainly.

Mrs. T. The familiarity of these people is unbearable.—

Trot. Why, my dear, there is but one way of making these miserales keep at a proper distance from us.

Mrs. T. And what may that be?

Trot. By making misery keep at a proper distance from them. Go, and bring your boy up to the house.

Mrs. T. That's right—encourage paupers.

Trot. I encourage them! On the contrary, my dear, I detest them so abominably, that I never see a pauper without endeavouring to prevent his being one; and did others feel the same sort of hate, who knows but in time, the weeds might be exterminated. (*He leads out Mrs. Trot, beckoning to Goody Hawbuck, who follows.*)

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Trot's House.*

Enter TROT, followed by GOODY HAWBUCK.

Trot. Well, well; where is he? Where is this boy of your's?

G. Haw. He's here at the door, your honour.—Jacky, my dear babe, come in.

Enter HAWBUCK.

Now speak to the gentleman.

Haw. Salve domine!

Trot. What?

Haw. Salve domine!

Trot. (*At a loss.*) Oh, very likely. What does he say?

Goody. That's Latin.

Haw. Yes; as much as to say, how is't tha, mun?—

Trot. How is't tha, mun—why, zounds! his English is as unintelligible as his Latin.

Goody. Oh, poor babe! I'm sure your honour will employ him; for you see how helpless he is.

Trot. What the devil shall I do with him. Oh! now I recollect,—In London I must keep

a number of useless servants, and he seems remarkably well qualified for being one.

Hawb. I should not wonder if I was best in the whole bunch.

Trot. Well, you may leave him.

Goody. Heaven bless and preserve you!

Trot. Go, go, you are a generous old soul.

Goody. I generous! Heaven help me, your honour means grateful. [*Exit.*]

Trot. True, true; but the mistake is not very material; for those, who feel the spirit of gratitude, in receiving a kindness, only want an opportunity to display the spirit of generosity in bestowing one.

Enter PLASTIC.

Plas. Scoundrel!

Trot. What's the matter, Charles?

Plas. I've just discharged an impertinent servant.

Trot. A stupid dog, I dare say.

Plas. No, no, a shrewd, clever, capable rascal,—prying into my affairs—knowing more of me, than I do of myself.—Oh, for a fine thick-headed dog!

Trot. I think I can suit you—I say, look there. (*Pointing to Hawb.*)

Plas. There is some promise in his face, I own.

Trot. Try him. Come hither.—I want you. (*To Hawbuck.*)

Hawb. Want me already, do you? Ecod, this will be no such easy place, I see.

Trot. This gentleman wishes to hire you.

Hawb. Does he. Who is he?

Trot. He's a man of fashion, and a wit.

Hawb. A what—a wit? (*Snapping his fingers.*) That's just what I wanted to see.—Never saw a wit in all my days.

Trot. No?

Hawb. No.—Why, you be'n't one?

Trot. Not absolutely; occasionally smart, very smart indeed; but not——

Hawb. No, I thought you did not look like it.

Trot. Ha! ha! My dear Charles, I think I may venture to recommend him, as the most stupid dog in Europe, without the least risk of incurring the penalty of the statute for giving a false character. [*Exit.*]

Hawb. A wit! I declare, 'tis quite awful, I wonder what clever thing he'll say first. (*Puts himself in an affected attitude.*)

Plas. Who are you?

Hawb. (*Apart.*) That's damn'd keen—however, I'll pluck up.—Why, I be Jacky Hawbuck.

Plas. Oh!

Hawb. (*Apart.*) Oh! Capital!—That has quite knocked me up. Oh!

Plas. Where do you come from?

Hawb. Don't you flurry me, that's not fair. (*Pertly.*) Why, I come fra' Yorkshire.

Plas. What doing there?

Hawb. I were at school.

Plas. Aye! and what did you learn?

Hawb. Latin.

Plas. What?

Hawb. Latin.

Plas. Latin—ha, ha, ha,

Hawb. Yes, Latin, he! he! he! I say, devilish smart on both sides, I think,—he! he!

Plas. Oh, very.

Hawb. Then, gi'us thv hand on't—par noble fratrem, as we scholars say. Dam' it, I shall do.

Plas. Ha, ha! But what wages do you expect?

Hawb. Why, I've had a most capital idication.—Cost mother poaks-full of money.—Wad you think it?—Eleven pounds a year.

Plas. Incredible!

Hawb. Aye, but stop a bit;—that were for Latin and logic, and leather breeches—all in a lump, you understand.

Plas. Suppose, then, I double the sum it cost your mother for Latin and logic.

Hawb. Sufficet. But—(*holding out his hand.*)

Plas. What do you mean by that?

Hawb. Why, mother paid som'it for entrance like.

Plas. Well, there's a guinea.—Now, don't be always dangleing after me.—

Hawb. I'll never come near you.

Plas. Nor listen to overhear my conversation.

Hawb. I'll never mind a word you say.

Plas. Your name is John?

Hawb. Mother always called me Jacky. I think Jacky's prettier, and more brotherly and suitable between us, like.

Plas. Ha! ha! Well, then Jacky, your servant, [Exit.

Hawb. Why now, that's very civil; for I thought I was to be his servant; but, however, if he likes t'other way best, I've no objections.

Door-bell rings.—COSEY, (*without.*)

Cosey. Hey, within there! Nobody at home—Hollo!

Hawb. Pratty set of sarvants in this house.—Nothing to do, and yet let a gentleman stand at the door in that manner,—oh, 'tis too bad, a great deal. [*Exit on the opposite side.*]

Enter COSEY and POSTILLION.

Cosey. Why, zounds, the house is as empty as the Bank on a holiday!—There's your commission, and be at the door again in two hours.—Mind, you've to transfer into the next county.—Won't coach it in the dark—no lamps here. (*Exit postillion.*)

Why, where is the old boy? I must give him one of our Change-alley calls.—Peter Trot!—Peter Trot!

Enter TROT.

Trot. Heyday! who is making this uproar?

Cosey. What, have you forgot Kit Cosey? How are you?

Trot. Why, is it possible.—My old friend Cosey, two hundred miles from London?

Cosey. Business, my dear fellow, or you

don't suppose I could have done such a damn'd silly thing.—

Trot. I thought the travels of the lamp-lighter always terminated your's.

Cosey. Why, I have no objections to *short* country excursions, there's such a pleasure in thinking they'll so soon be over. Often take a trip to Muddy Paradise, the seat of Alderman Greasy. Lonesome, but very rural, stands all alone by itself, in the fields behind Islington.

Trot. Well, but I hope you enjoyed this journey.

Cosey. Amazingly.—Slept *all* the way.

Trot. A very wonderful country that I live in.

Cosey. Very wonderful that you live in it, indeed. Lord ! Lord ! to compare this place to Lunnun. Here your great sprawling, lolloping clown rolls about like a lump of lead ;—there your dapper, agreeable, compact cockney, skips about like a bit of quicksilver.—Only see them at a city hop—capering and bumping their heads against the ceiling, as jollily as e'er a shepherd that ever play'd upon a fiddle. But I say, old boy.—You seem cruelly altered ; when I saw you last, you were as brisk as bank stock ; but you now seem cut down to short annuity.—What's the matter ?

Trot. I'm grown rich.

Cosey. Why, I'm warmish ; but yet, I am what I call comfortable.

Trot. Ah, but I am so rich, that I must leave my dear spinning jenny's, and be happy in London.

Cosey. That's the place!—give you joy old Trot.

Trot. Then I'm married.

Cosey. Oh—beg pardon—forgot that.—Well, I long to see your choice—when you open'd that joint account, you wrote in raptures about her.

Trot. Did I? you have a most excellent memory; for that must have been a long time ago.

Cosey. Oh, Cupid's at a discount.

Trot. Why, the keenest edge will wear a little blunt. I don't think she is quite so handsome—

Cosey. You praised her blushes.

Trot. But now they are apt to come in the wrong place.

Cosey. Alabaster complexion—

Trot. Yes, but like my inferior muslins—washing makes it change colour—Mum! (*Seeing Mrs. Trot.*)

Enter MRS. TROT, MRS. GLENROY *and* PLASTIC.

My dear, allow me to introduce Mr. Cosey from London.

Mrs. T. Come to enjoy the pure air of the country?

Cosey. Yes, Ma'am, very pure; but I don't think it has much taste with it.

Mrs. T. Taste!

Cosey. Why, you know, Ma'am, the Lun-nun air has a kind of a sootish sort of a smack, that I think gives it a flavour—I like it—don't you Miss.

Trot. Miss—No such person—occasioned by her marrying Captain Glenroy.

Cosey. What, the son of Owen Glenroy, the Welch parson?

Mrs. G. The same, Sir.

Cosey. Then, Ma'am, you and I are, what I call, cousins.—Going to Wales to see your father-in-law, take any little parcel.

Mrs. G. Oh, I think I recollect—you are somebody in the city.

Cosey. Why yes, in the city I flatter myself I am somebody, and insignificant as I may appear here, I can tell you, that when I quitted the bank yesterday morning, I did not leave a greater *bear* in it than myself. 'Tis as well to let them know who they've got among them. You must know my reason for going into Wales is, that I have bought the estate which formerly belonged to Sir Cardigan Somers.

Plas.

Trot. & } You!

Mrs. T. }

Cosey. Oh I've got into an enemy's country here.—Yes, I—

Mrs. T. But why!

Cosey. A whim!

Trot. Why, I was told it sold for five thousand more than its value.

Cosey. A whim.

Plas. Oh, what's a handful of thousands to a purse-proud citizen?

Cosey. Umph! (*Apart.*) Now that puppy Plastic owes me five hundred pounds. Sir as you are pleased to put me in mind how city pride is pampered by the thousands we gain;

pray, be just enough to remember, that charity is fed by the thousands we give.

Trot. The castle commands a delightful prospect.

Cosey. A good look-out is there?

Plas. Yes, will you part with it?

Cosey. No; I mean to keep a good look-out.

Mrs. T. Do you intend to reside there?

Cosey. Lord forbid.

Plas. (*To Mrs. G.*) Leave him to me.—

[*Mr. & Mrs. Trot, & Mrs. G'enroy retire together.*]

Pray, Sir, had not Sir Cardigan Somers a daughter?

Cosey. You know he had.

Plas. True; I believe she was once pointed out to me.

Cosey. Possibly.

Plas. I thought her beautiful, and spite of the family antipathy, wished to be introduc'd to her.

Cosey. Indeed!

Plas. But she suddenly disappeared without my ever having had that pleasure.—Do you know what has become of her?

Cosey. Do you?

Plas. No.—(*Apart.*) But I will, if I can. You are going to Wales?

Cosey. Yes.

Plas. So am I.

Cosey. Oh.

Plas. Suppose we post it together?

Cosey. No bargain—

Plas. Do you mean—

Cosey. Account's closed—words useless—

balance not in your favour.

Plas. (*Apart.*) Indeed; but I'll be after you my old boy.

Mrs. G. Any news in town, Sir, yesterday.

Cosey. Yes, Ma'am: fifteen Levant arrivals, two foreign mails due,—things a shade better—gold in bars, heavy;—hops flat;—raw-hides lively; and cochineal as per last.

Mrs. G. Ha! ha! thank you, Sir; but I mean news from the squares.

Cosey. Know nothing about them—pity the cits who live at the west end—and yet I declare 'tis funny to see them duck through Temple-bar, like geese through a gate—and then wriggle, and stretch out their necks, when they come to the west side—this lady of fashion kisses her hand, as much as to say, I'll come and bring all my friends to live upon you—that lordling bows—set that down at twelve dozen of champagne—An earl cries, “Ah, Dick, my jolly Dog, your hand”—he means—to a note for five thousand.—So, there you may see the cits stuck up in the fine gala rooms, like calves in a penn: where they are bled till they are quite delicate and tender; then struck on the head with a docket, and consigned to that fruitful mortality bill, the London Gazette, where (not to drop the simile) like calves, they generally cut up for about tenpence in the pound.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Welch Village.*—

Enter ROSS, WILLIAMS, *and* TAFFLINE.

Taff. Dear father.

Will. You promis'd me, if I was industrious, you would give me my sweet Taffline.—
We should be the happiest couple in Wales.

Ross. You are too young, and too poor

Taff. Poor! law father! has not Williams saved almost three guineas?

Ross. And what dower can you bring my Welch heiress?

Taff. Cheerful industry, and a constant heart.

Will. 'Tis hard to refuse us, when all the neighbours were to make holiday on purpose.

Taff. And your favourite, dear, good Miss Rosalie Somers had given us a wedding dinner.

Ross. Indeed! I should be loth to offend so sweet, so handsome, and so kind a young lady as Miss Somers is—but—

Taff. Oh! here she comes.

Enter MISS ROSALIE, *and* MRS. MORZEN.

Ross. Well, my sweet Taffline, is all arranged for the wedding?

Taff. No, Miss; father won't consent.

Ross. Come, good Ross,—don't be churlish.

Ross. Indeed, Miss, the times are—

Mrs. M. Prettily changed with you. Ah! but for her father's misfortunes, she might have commanded, and you would have been glad to have obeyed; but now—

Ross.—Mrs. Moreen, I won't bear that. I respect the daughter of Sir Cardigan Somers, as much as if she were still the heiress to this noble estate. And when it was sold, I doubt if Miss felt more than Robin Ross did.

Rosa. Well, well, you won't refuse Reuben Glenroy

Ross. Refuse Reuben! not if he were to ask me for my heart's blood.—I owe him—

Rosa. Not much; for Reuben is not rich.

Ross. Every thing, Miss! I was always behind hand with the world—borrowed of one to pay another—never could hold up my head as an honest man ought, till he pointed out to me the road to independence: and now, though my pocket cannot boast many guineas of my own, thank heaven, it does not contain one that belongs to another. Ah, Reuben is a man.

Mrs. M. Not a very civil one—He's snappish, and glum—Give me a man that's merry—likes a good story, and says good things.

Rosa. While Reuben is content with doing them.

Ross. Here he comes down the mountain.
(*Reuben appears descending the mountain, and looking at the heavens*)

Reub. Ross, come hither. Have you observed the sky?—Look at that cloud.

Ross. Bless me, an evil messenger indeed!

Very stormy—how does the mountain look?

Reub. The sun gilds it summit; but chilling vapours cling round its rugged sides.

Ross. It will be a foul night.

Reub. The air is dull and heavy.

Ross. A storm of snow then.

Reub. I thought so.—Williams, a storm threatens, and the passes over the mountains are full of danger to the benighted traveller. Pray keep careful watch to-night—I shall not sleep. Ross, I have obtained you a renewal of your lease from your landlord.

Ross. How can I thank you? What shall I say?

Reub. Nothing:—Let your conduct thank me; but we must wait on him instantly—so, come—Ah, Rosaie! (*Runs to her.*) In my excursion I met the messenger carrying letters to my father's—this I took charge of. (*Gives a letter.*)

Rosa. (*Reading.*) “Have brought a little present to Wales for you.—

Mrs. M. A present?—What can that be, I wonder.

Rosa. (*Reading.*) “Mean to stay with you the total of one entire day; so get ready a bason of broth, a kiss, and every thing what I call comfortable, for Christopher Cosey”—(*To Reuben*) His from my guardian. Come, I suppose, to resign his charge, as to-morrow I am of age.

Ross. Of age! (*They appear dejected.*)

Mrs. M. Oh! what a day to-morrow would have been, if—

Reub. Come, come, it will be a happy

one—and though the great world mayn't know of our festivity, yet, remember, the place which gives us birth, is the world of the heart—and what heart is there in it, that will not share our joy? Rosalie, return home, the heavens look tempestuous—Williams shall attend you; for I have business across the mountain.

Rosa. I know—the business of humanity.
(*Exeunt Rosalie, Mrs. Moreen, Taffline and Williams.*)

Reub. Sweet excellence!—Ross!

Ross. I wait for you, Sir,

Reub. I see her still—Ah—she falls—no, no; she waves her hand (*He ascends part of the mountain.*) Still I behold her.—O, lovely, lovely Rosalie!—Come, Ross, Come!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A parlour in a Welch Parsonage House.*

Enter the REV. OWEN GLENROY, and COSEY.

Owen. A thousand welcomes to Wales, Cousin Cosey.

Cosey. Thank you, Mr. Glenroy, thank you, my reverend friend. Well, how goes on your little parish—every thing what I call comfortable, eh?

Owen. Why, cousin I have many reasons for being proud of my small flock; and I humbly hope they have some for being content with their pastor.

Cosey. I don't doubt it,

Owen. Well—and how does my son the captain go on?—A fine fashionable fellow, isn't he?

Cosey. Oh, very.

Owen. Married to a lord's daughter—think of that—he'll be a great man.

Cosey. (*Apart.*) Hopes above par, old boy, but I'll not lower the market on you.—But, where's Rosalie Somers?—is she not here to receive her guardian? Have not seen her since consols were 84—Ah! is not this she?

Enter ROSALIE, and Mrs. MOREEN.

Rosa. My dear guardian!

Cosey. Let me see—let me taste—(*Kisses her.*) There's a skin, polished and smooth as a new bank note—here are roses—

Rosa. The effects of exercise; and, perhaps, the glow somewhat heightened by the pleasure of beholding the friend of my poor father.

Cosey. Thank you, thank you—kind as an accomodation bill, I declare. But, have you been at romps, eh? (*Observing her hair disordered.*)

Rosa. The effects of the brisk air of the mountain, which is delightful—

Cosey. Very—if you happen to be going the same way, else you may as well attempt London Bridge against tide, as face it. Ah, Mrs. Moreen, have you forgot your old sweetheart, Kit Cosey? She refused me; but don't look grave, for I assure you I have been remarkably happy ever since. (*Looking at her.*)

What an escape I had. (*Apart.*) But now you talk of escapes, only think—the horses that were to have brought me here, not fancying your frightful, no, sublime hills, turned their heads towards Lunnun—sensible creatures!—could not help laughing—when all of a sudden, away they went, full gallop, and had almost got to the edge of a precipice, when a fine strapping fellow rushed down the mountain, seized the reins, and when I would not have given a lottery blank for my life, turned the account in my favour.

Owen. But who was he?

Cosey. That's what I want to know; for I shook so much (from cold I imagine) I could not immediately get my hand into my pocket to reward him; and when I did, egad he had skipped half up the mountain again.

Mrs. M. But have not you got a present for my young lady?

Cosey. Yes; and for you too; but all in good time. First, see my portmanteau safe to my room—and, Rosalie—lavender sheets—aired snow—snug supper—every thing what I call comfortable—eh?

Rosa. I'll take care.

(*Exeunt Rosalie, and Mrs. Moreen.*)

Cosey. Bless you! and, to-morrow, we'll be as happy as 'tis possible to be—in the country. But what sort of a chap is this eldest son of yours—rough Reuben, as you used to call him.

Owen. He's difficult to describe.

Cosey. Is he clever?

Owen. Very.

Cosey. Not headstrong?

- Owen. Very.
Cosey. Diligent?
Owen. Very.
Cosey. Saucy.
Owen. Very.
Cosey. What does he delight in?
Owen. Rosalie.
Cosey. But zounds! that won't do.
Owen. Do you think I encourage him?
Cosey. I hope not. Consider, the daughter
of Sir Cardigan Somers
Owen. Of the first family, and once the
richest heiress in the county.
Cosey. And may be again.
Owen. What?
Cosey. Nothing.

REUBEN. (*Without.*)

Reub. There, there, refresh yourselves—I'll
soon be with you.

Enter REUBEN.

Owen. Here is my son.—Reuben, pay your
respects to our worthy cousin, Rosalie's guar-
dian.

Reub. Is she not beautiful?

Cosey. I'm pretty well, I thank—Eh!

Ros. (*Without.*) That will do, Mrs. Mo-
reen

[*Exit* Reuben.]

Cosey. The very man that saved my life.

Owen. Indeed!

Cosey. He can't escape me now, however;—

so give me your hand—why, confound the fellow, he's off again.

Owen. Why, Reuben, Reuben, I say.
[Retires.]

Reuben. (*Without.*) Here, father, here.—Come, Rosalie.

Re-enter REUBEN.

Cosey. Zounds, Sir, you might have had the patience to let me thank you for saving my life.

Reub. Aye; but we hasty mountaineers, to prevent disappointment and delay, always take care to receive our reward, while doing an act of humanity.

Cosey. You're a noble, generous fellow.

Reub. Pshaw! how can you know?

Cosey. Because I know you are a brave fellow; and true courage, as I take it, is of too sociable a nature, ever to take lodging in that breast which has not plenty of other good company there.

Reub. Well, enough of this—'Twould please you, Sir, to see my father look so well—He is respected and beloved; and did the legislature think fit to offer prize crossiers for the encouragement of ecclesiastical shepherds, I believe, the humble flock of my reverend father would be found neither tainted by the contagion of unbelief nor contaminated by the rot of immorality.—You are from London, Sir—how goes on my brother?

Cosey. So so.

Reub. I fear him much.

Cosey. (Apart.) So do I. But tell me, how came this brother to be the favourite child?

Reub. (Sarcastically.) Oh, weighty reasons govern parents' prejudices.—My hair was rough and stubborn; my brother's ductile ringlets obeyed the mother's anxious hand;—mine resisted,—she tugged and I squalled:—Then a woman of rank in the neighbourhood, took it into her head to be my brother's godmother, and named, or rather nicknamed him Augustus; which, at once, made him the superior boy,—that is, poor fellow, he was compelled to hold up his head,—lose the luxury of exercise, for fear of taking cold; and be pinioned in a chair, and crammed with nauseous dainties to a surfeit, whenever his illustrious gossip condescended to take tea with my mother, at the parsonage.—Ah, poor mother!

Owen. Yet Reuben was of use to her; for when disease deprived her of motion, his agile limbs bore her to the mountain's brow, where the pure breath of nature cheered her drooping heart:—And when her life was despaired of, good, vain, woman,—she said that Augustus's mourning would be the smartest, but that Reuben's heart would ache as sorely as the best.

Cosey. (Aside.) Perhaps she was not wrong.

Enter EVANS. (With a letter.)

Evans. Sir,—a letter for you. [*Exit Evans.*
(*Owen Glenroy retires and reads the letter.*)

Reub. (Advances.) Thus, Sir,—a little nég-

lected, perhaps,—though my heart suffered my head was the better for it; estranged from others, I grew the more acquainted with myself; and by books. —

Cosey. Books! What signifies books, if a man has not a nice cash-book among them.

Reub. Would you trust the cultivation of your estate to that man, who would not benefit by his neighbour's experience?

Cosey. Why, no.

Reub. Then, in the more important culture of the mind, what must he be, who will not gather from the store of human wisdom, those seeds, which produce in the heart and understanding, the inestimable harvest of knowledge and virtue?

Cosey. Humph! I'm not quite sure but I shall like this fellow. Why, one wouldn't hear much better than that in the common council. Egad! if Rosalie likes him, be it so! But mum.

Enter ROSALIE and Mrs. MOREEN.

(Reuben addresses Rosalie.)

Reub. Rosalie! *(Runs to her.)*

Cosey. Ah! she's his omnium, I see.

Owen. Here's a letter from your brother.

Reub. A letter!—Why is he not here himself. *(Takes the letter.)*

Owen. He's with his wife's rich relations.

Reub. Instead of his own poor ones. *(Reading.)*

Owen. *(Irritated.)* You envy your brother?

Reub. I do indeed.

Owen. You never loved him.

Reub. Father, I've heard my manners, habits, studies, all derided with a smile; but now you insult my heart.

Owen. Did you not say you envied your brother?

Reub. I do:—I envy him the place that he holds here. (*Putting his hand on his father's breast.*)

Owen. Reuben, I've done you wrong. Why did not *you* go into the world? Why force your brother?

Reub. Nay, I cannot answer such questions.

Rosa. 'Tis your father asks:

Reub. Ah, Rosalie, why tear my secret from my breast? If I resigned my birthright to Augustus, perhaps it was that I preferred my brother's prosperity to my own—if I obstinately remained with my father—(*Taking his hand, affectively*) perhaps it was, that to a father's absence I preferred a father's frowns.

Owen. Reuben, dear Reuben!

Reub. Pray no more. (*Goes up the stage.*)

Owen. How have I wronged him! He's like the iron from our mines—full of fire, hardy, and useful.

Rosa. And let me add, well tempered, and I am sure, capable of the highest polish.

Cosey. Well, my lad of metal, give me your hand. (*Shaking hands.*) Devilish deal of it in his fingers.

Enter Mrs. MOREEN.

Mrs. M. Supper's almost ready, and now for the present you brought.

Cosey. Well, be it so. When your father, my dear Rosalie, by his election contests with the family of the *Plastics* —

Mrs. M. I hate the very name of them.

Cosey Was compelled to leave England, he trusted his affairs to my management. I sold off all, and paid his debts to the world, while he, poor man, was paying the only one that remained—the debt due to nature. (*Rosalie weeps.*) Come, come; he neither left you penniless, nor friendless.

Rosa. Ah, no; rich, rich in friends. (*Reuben takes Rosalie's hand.*)

Cosey. The money that remained, I took into the market, there I turned it, and twisted it—in short, good nursing did for it in the Alley, what good nursing has done for you in Wales; and by giving my little charge nice slices of loan, bits of bonus, and dividend dumplings, it throve, and like you, became plump and handsome. Well, last week, at Garraway's, the Cardigan estate was again sold.

Owen. And who bought it?

Mrs. M. Not one of the *Plastic's*, I hope?

Cosey. No.

Owen. Who did buy it then?

Cosey. Rosalie Somers. (*Reuben drops Rosalie's hand, and remains abstracted.*)

Owen. }
Mrs. M. } What?

Cosey. I, as her agent, bought it for Rosalie Somers!

Owen. Blessed news!

Rosa. O, my dear guardian!

Cosey. Yes, to-morrow the daughter of my early patron takes possession of her father's castle.

Mrs. M. And I of the housekeeper's room.

Owen. But I can't imagine how——

Cosey. I dare say you can't; but make no apologies.—You live in the country, and of course your knowing any thing isn't to be expected. Why, heyday, Reuben! don't you give Rosalie joy.—Dam'it, don't be shy. Come, come, let us to supper, and then I'll shew you the title deeds. And don't you call that a present?

Mrs. M. Then, with my large bunch of keys I once more sits me down in the red damask chair, he, he! I say, perhaps I shall die there, he, he!

Cosey. Aye, that will be what I call comfortable. [*Exit Owen and Cosey.*]

Mrs. M. And be buried in the family vault, he, he! Oh, if I do but live to see that day! [*Exit Mrs. Moreen.*]

Reub. [*Advancing.*] Miss Somers!

Rosa. And why not Rosalie? Am I then, by acquiring a fortune, to lose a friend? (*Taking his hand.*)

Reub. Friend! Oh, too lovely woman—(*Kneeling.*)

Rosa. (*Agitated.*) Nay, I entreat.

Reub. My swelling heart will not be controlled—In mercy, hear me:—My words shall not offend—I ask but this,—do not banish me your presence—*My* happiness must ever be to see you happy;—then let me still watch your steps, guard you from every ill, and,

though doomed to behold you another's,
Oh! let me behold you!—

Rosa. Reuben, hear me:—Receive my
promise:—Rosalie will never wound the heart
that loves her? Oh, never.

Reub. Thanks—thanks!

Mrs. MOREEN. (Without.)

Mrs. M. Now then, to supper.

Reub. Remember. [*Exeunt Rosalie and
Reuben.*]

SCENE III.—*Supper on the table. Owen, Co-
sey.—Mrs. Moreen and Taffline discovered.*

Enter ROSALIE and REUBEN.

Mrs. M. Heyday—here's a very blustering
night coming on.

Cosey. This is what I call comfortable—
Come, Rosalie.

Rosa. (Going to the table.) Reuben!

Reub. Pray, excuse me. (*The rustling of
the wind is heard.*) Hush!—

Cosey. Lord, what a pretty whistling there
is!

Reub. Now the storm comes on.

Cosey. Shall I help you, my dear? (*The
storm increases.*)

Owen. (Starting up.) Ah; an approach-
ing hurricane. Reuben secure—

Reub. Hush, father! All is secure.—Do not alarm our guest.

Cosey. (*Alarmed.*) So—so.—Some of the—saucy?— (*The storm increases to violence.*)

Rosa. (*Rises and goes to Reuben.*) 'Twill be a fearful night. (*Reuben takes her hand in silence, and watches the tempest.*)

Cosey. (*Agitated.*) Eh—well—why don't you speak? Eh—Reuben—my dear friend—Rosalie—poor child!

Rosa. I assure you, Sir, I'm not much alarmed.

Cosey. Very likely; but I assure you I am. (*Thunder.*)—Pray is the firm of the house—I mean, is this house firm?

Owen. Doubt it not.

Cosey. Ah! but it stands all alone by itself;—if it was but in a row.—This is rural peace! This is content and a cottage! Oh, pretty, quiet London!

Mrs. M. I wonder whether the windows, are shut. [*Exit Mrs. Moreen.*]

WILLIAMS. (*At a distance without.*)

Will. Reuben!

Reub. Hark!

Cosey. What's the matter?

Will. Reuben!

Reub. Ah! I'm called. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter WILLIAMS.

Will. I heard the cry of some one in dis-

tress; but the storm rages with such violence——

Reub. Never fear—let us prepare.

[*Exeunt Williams and Reuben.*]

Rosa. Some distressed travellers.

Cosey. Well, I'm very sorry; but you know it can't be helped, don't you think we had better go to bed?

Owen. Look here, Cousin—how sublimely awful!

Cosey. (*Peeps out.*) Very.

Owen. Let us look out. 'Tis what you may not see again. [*Exit.*]

Cosey. No, I'll take care of that, you may depend on't. [*Exit.*]

Enter REUBEN, with a pole, pointed at the end with iron.

Reub. Adieu, Rosalie! Now Providence direct my steps!

Rosa. Heaven shield thee, noble, dear Reuben. (*Is confused.*)

Reub. (*Drops the pole.*) Pray be careful—your words to me are life or death.—“Dear Reuben!”—Let it not unman me!

WILLIAMS. (*Without.*)

Will. We are ready.

Reub. No—(*Snatching up the pole.*) Let it rouse my soul to virtuous enterprize!—My glorious aim shall be to merit it. [*Exit.*]

Rosa. Heaven guide and protect him!

Enter OWEN.

Owen. Be cautious, Reuben.—Come bustle—bustle—keep up the fire within, and prepare warm beds.

Mrs. MOREEN. (Without.)

Mrs. M. I'll take care, I warrant you.

Owen. The rage of the storm seems to abate. Come Taffline—let us beguile the anxious hour with the simple melody of some native song.

SONG.

Llewelyn with his Patience dear
Was join'd in wedlock's band,
When wars alarm his ear,
The foe invades the land.
He march'd among the valiant throng,
All proud of heart was he,
And, smiling, cried, my lovely bride,
I'll soon return to thee.
Oh, Kora, Oh, Kora, I'll soon return to thee.

She hears the drum, the victor's cry
Your laurels now prepare,
She views their march with eager eye,
Her lover is not there!
His knapsack blue,—shot thro' and thro',
They laid down on her knee,
And, sighing, cried, Ah, luckless bride,
He'll ne'er return to thee.

Oh, Kora, &c.

She lost her love, she lost her wits,
She hasten'd far away,
And now on Snowden's cliffs she sits,
And wildly sings her lay.

My eyes I strain across the plain,
 My hope, my love to see;
 My joy, my pride, behold thy bride,
 Ah, sweet return to me.

Ah, Kora, sweet return to me.

Rosa. Heigh-ho! Reuben not yet come home.—Surely I heard.—Again—(*Runs to the door.*) He returns.

Enter REUBEN and WILLIAMS, bearing PLASTIC in their arms, who is insensible—his forehead bearing the marks of a wound.—EVANS leads HAWBUCK across. Mrs. MOREEN enters opposite.

Owen. Well done, my son! (*They put Plastic into a chair.*)

Reub. Quick, quick, to the fire with him!—*Rosalie!*

Mrs. M. He's senseless. There, there.

Reub. 'Tis but a swoon, I hope.—Take care of him.

Owen. Bear him in—all will soon be well, I warrant. [*Plastic is carried off between Williams and Mrs. Moreen, followed by Owen.*]

Rosa. Are you not fatigued, Reuben?

Reub. Not much.

Rosa. Is he a stranger whom you have succoured?

Reub. I don't know—his features were disfigured with blood, and his eyes closed.—

Enter Mrs. MOREEN.

Rosa. How is the gentleman?

Mrs. M. (*Running to a closet.*) There is no great danger, I hope.—His wound bleeds freely, and he recovers apace.—He seems a nice young man. [*Exit with medicines.*]

Rosa. Surely you want rest and refreshment.—Come, sit down.

Reub. Sweet Rosalie, I must forth again.—More travellers are out.

Rosa. Not to-night!

Reub. Oh think—perhaps some anxious wife, surrounded by her little brood,—with haggard eye and throbbing heart,—watches the oft turn'd hour-glass, and, amid the howlings of the storm, vainly fancies she hears her husband's voice.—I may restore him to her.—Oh! could these lids close with that thought knocking at my breast.—Once more, adieu! And my work being fairly done, my sleep will be the sweeter for it. (*He takes her hand and kisses it respectfully.*) “Rosalie will never wound the heart that loves her.”—Remember thy promise to me. [*Exit.*]

PLASTIC (*Without.*)

Plas. Where is my deliverer? Conduct me to him.

Mrs. MOREEN (*Without.*)

Mrs. M. Nay, nay, by and by.

Plas. (*Without.*) I am much better—pray, oblige me.

He enters, leaning on Mrs. MOREEN.—A black patch on his forehead—his right arm in a sling.

Mrs. M. Why, if you will see Reuben, you must. Is he gone?

Rosa. He is.

Plas. What angel's that?

Mrs. M. My young lady, Miss Rosalie Somers. (*Plastic starts.*) What's the matter, Sir?

Plas. Nothing—I can walk alone. 'Tis she! How beautiful!

Mrs. M. Is not she? How pleased Reuben would be to hear you say so—for he loves her so.

Plas. I do not wonder.

Rosa. I hope, Sir, you have not sustained much injury.

Plas. Stunn'd by the overturning of my carriage, and rendered lifeless by the piercing cold, I should have perished, but for the exertion of my brave preserver, My head and arm are bruised, nothing more. (*Apart.*) Have I found you?

Mrs. M. You seem a stranger—May we ask your name?

Plas. (*Apart.*) S'death! If I'm known, my hopes are ruin'd,—Maitland, Madam.

Mrs. M. Not Captain Maitland, related to Sir Cardigan Somers.

Plas. The same; and happy in being thus indebted to the humane attentions of my kind Cousin.

Mrs. M. He's a sweet man. Pray, Sir, do

you happen to know any thing of the
Plastics?

Plas. I keep no such company.

Mrs. M. The young one, I hear, is an
oily-tongu'd chap; but he would find his
match here—We'll surprise him, and his
vulgar family to-morrow.

Plas. (*Apart.*) He'll do his best to re-
turn the compliment.

Rosa. Come, Sir, you must submit to
your nurses. You are still feeble and need
repose.—Let me support you.

Plas. Thanks, my fair cousin.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Dining Room.*

Enter PLASTIC, with caution.

Plas. Day breaks and that Yorkshire booby not yet return'd. If I effect my purpose, what a delicious triumph! Rosalie Somers my mistress! love! revenge! all gratified! (*Looks at his watch.*) Where can?—Oh, he is here at last. Softly!

Enter HAWBUCK.

Haw. There be a chaise ready in road.—
How tired I be!

Plas. Wait there till I come.

Haw. Lord, what it is to be a sarvant!

Plas. You have not mentioned my name.

Haw. Oh no, I had my reasons.

Plas. Your reasons!

Haw. Why, one was that, I've forgot what it is.

Plas. Convenient stupidity—Forget your master's name!

Haw. Why, Sir, they crammed my head so full at school, that hang me if I think it will hold any more.

Plas. Maitland, blockhead.

Haw. Oh! aye! so it is—I know fast enough.

Plas. Ah! a door opens.—Go, and be ready. By all my hopes tis she!

Enter ROSALIE in a walking dress.

Rosa. Reuben not return'd! I'll walk, and perhaps I may find him. (*Seeing Plastic.*)—Good morning, Sir, have you not ventured out too early?

Plas. Affairs of the first consequence call me away. My chaise waits in the road, and could I but see my preserver!

Rosa. Reuben is not yet come home; but, probably you may meet him.

Plas. (*Apart.*) I hope not. Is the place far off, where he last night rescued me from death?

Rosa. Oh, no, Sir.

Plas. Now, stript of its horrors, I wish I could behold it.

Rosa. I was about to walk that way. I'll point it out to you, Sir, with pleasure.

Plas. May not the morning air affect your health?

Rosa. Oh, no; I always walk thus early

Plas. (*Apart.*) Let me controul my joy! Yet, one achievement more.—'Tis hard thus abruptly to quit this hospitable roof; but my happiness demands it. Yet, at least, let me leave a written testimony of my gratitude.

Rosa. Here is a pen and ink, Sir. (*Presenting writing materials.*)
(*Plastic attempts to write, but expresses painful sensations.*)

I fear you suffer pain, Sir, from your wounded arm.

Plas. Agony! But it would be greater torture to depart, without expressing the feelings of a grateful heart.

Rosa. Shall I take the pen?

Plas. Will you be so kind? I can sign it.

Rosa. True, Sir:—Pray, dictate. (*Writes.*)

Plas. What apology can I offer for thus abruptly leaving those, who have so kindly sheltered, and protected me? But love beckons, and pleasure awaits me;—therefore, I hope the hearts of those I leave behind, will pardon mine, for thus following its ardent dictates.

Rosa. Now, Sir, your signature.

Plas. (*Apart.*) Not for a thousand—

Rosa. Sir!

Plas. A thousand thanks. (*Folds the letter without signing it.*)

Enter MRS. MOREEN, dressed in brocade.

Mrs. M. Bless me! what, are you going to walk out? I fear I've mistaken the hour.

Plas. (*Presenting a watch.*) This, Madam, may in future prevent that inconvenience.

Mrs. M. Oh, Sir!—

Plas. Put it up—Come, fair cousin;—but this letter.——

Rosa. (*Taking it.*) Give this to Reuben—Adieu!

Mrs. M. They're a sweet couple—Pity they should part, I think.

Plas. (*Apart.*) I think so too—She's mine.

(*Exeunt Plastic and Rosalie.*)

Mrs. M. That's a true gentleman, as sure as this is true gold. With my keys on this side, and my watch on this—(*A harp plays without.*) Oh, here come the neighbours—Eh! such a day as this will be!

Enter OWEN, and TAFFLINE.

Owen. Welcome, my pretty lasses.

Mrs. M. They are rather late though—at least, by my watch.

Taff. What a beautiful gown you have on, Ma'am?

Mrs. M. Do you think so, my dear? I mean now to wear such tasty, fashionable clothes as these every day.

Owen. Where's Rosalie!

Mrs. M. She walked out with Mr. Maitland, about—let me see, by my watch, four minutes and a half ago.

Owen. Is not my son Reuben return'd.

Mrs. M. No, Sir; but I dare say he'll be here soon; for I perceive 'tis near eight o'clock. Now, go and prepare them to give Miss Rosalie joy—you don't know how happy you are all to be. I'll come to you in—let me see—aye, in five minutes. (*Exit Taffline.*)

Owen. (*Takes the watch.*) Very splendid, indeed!

Mrs. M. A present from Mr. Maitland.

Enter WILLIAMS. (Running.)

Will. Oh, dear, Sir!

Owen. You look alarm'd—Speak—Reuben?

Will. Is safe—but Miss Rosalie.

Owen. What?

Will. Is gone!

Owen. Gone!

Will. A post chaise and four flew along the road; and in it were Miss Rosalie, and the gentleman we brought home last night.

Owen. Cousin Cosey—Cousin Cosey—awake!
(*Knocks at his door.*)

Will. I'll swear it was Miss Somers.

(*Exit Williams.*)

Mrs. M. What eloped!

Owen. (*Calling.*) Cousin! Cousin! Mr. Cosey, awake!

COSEY. (*Without.*)

Cosey. What's the matter?

Owen. What's to be done? Cousin!—Cousin!

Enter COSEY, half asleep—Night-cap on.

Cosey. What, 'tis all over with us—Well, heaven's will be done. Mercy on us! how it lightens!

Owen. No, no—awake!

Cosey. Oh dear! 'tis day-light. What's the matter now! More rural peace? more calm content?

Owen. Rosalie is gone.

Cosey. Gone!

Mrs. M. Has eloped.

Cosey. Eloped! (*Greatly agitated.*) Run

to Bow-street—Call at the City Marshall's—
I'll to the Mansion House.

Owen. Mansion House!

Cosey. Oh, I forgot where I was. Who's
the lover?

Mrs. M. Her cousin, Captain Maitland.

Cosey. Maitland! Nonsense! to my know-
ledge he has been dead these twelve months—
No, 'tis some innocent swain, some virtuous
villager. Oh! you're a damn'd wicked set.

Enter EVANS, with a small trunk.

Evans. Sir, I have just picked up this box,
where we found the gentleman last night.

Cosey. Get me a coach, Sir:—I won't stay
among you another hour.

Owen. Perhaps this may discover—here's
a name. (*Clasps his hands, and exclaims*)
Charles Plastic!

Mrs. M. Who!

Cosey. It is—Oh, the jade!

[*Exit Evans, with the trunk.*]

Mrs. M. Plastic! give me that watch.

Owen. Stay, let me see. (*Looking at the
seals.*) 'Tis true, here are his family arms.

Mrs. M. Give it to me. (*Throws it down,
and treads on it.*) There, there—I suppose,
Miss will want me to be her housekeeper—
I hope she will! for if I don't poison them
all—Oh, I shall faint!

Cosey. Pray, don't, I dare say you ought;
but consider, we have not time just now—
Where's my coach?

Mrs. M. It will kill me.

Cosey. Now, don't die yet—I'll take it as
a personal favour.

Owen. Oh, my friend! who dares tell this news to Reuben?

Cosey. Not I, I'm sure.

Owen. Poor fellow! 'twill break his heart.

Cosey. No don't say so.—He'll bear it like a man, as I do. (*Sobbing.*) Graceless, unfeeling girl!

REUBEN. (*Without.*)

Reub. Joy, joy to all!

Cosey. Here he comes, now don't tell him. Talk about any thing else. Hush!

Enter REUBEN.

Reub. (*Throws himself into a chair.*)—Heigh-ho!

Owen. Fatigued, my son?

Reub. Aye, father, my limbs complain; but all here is warm and well. (*Striking his breast.*)

Cosey. What a fine thing courage must be, to keep out so much cold!

Reub. Sir, courage in the breast is, like the cash in your pocket, only placed there for the benefit of the unfortunate, who may want it.—

Owen. Pray, take some rest, Reuben.

Cosey. Aye, go to bed.

Mrs. M. Be persuaded, now do.—

Reub. What, sleep to-day! Be dead to those sounds of joy, which bear the name of Rosalié? Oh, no!—

Owen. Then, take some refreshment.

Reub. My mind shall banquet first—So, tell

me, where is my Rosa—Why do you turn from me? Have I offended any one? Has my conduct merited?—

Owen. You have deserved blessings.

Reub. Which I shall receive. Even now, seated on a rock, I beheld the rising sun—its earliest beam shone upon me, and seemed to warm my heart—seemed sent as a reward, that, in its absence I had done my duty. But how is the gentleman I so fortunately succoured?

Owen. Perfectly recovered.

Reub. And is not that a reward?

Owen. And he is gone.

Reub. I'm sorry for it. The pilot that guides the shatter'd bark into the wish'd-for haven, thinks his joy imperfect, unless he behold it floating on the wave, tranquil and secure. Well, well—let him go.—There is a smile prepared for me, that will atone for all. Where is she?

Owen. She! who?

Reub. Who, who? Rosalie—Again silent! Father, what means?—Rosalie—Rosa—

(Rushes off.)

Owen. Poor fellow!

Cosey. Noble fellow! Is this his reward? Stabbed to the heart, by the man he saved! Forsaken by the woman he lived for!—*(Bursts into tears.)* I don't know what to do—all this is entirely out of my line—this never happens upon Change.

Owen. I dread his return. What can I say, to sooth—

Re-enter REUBEN.

Reub. In mercy—at once—Rosalie—speak—
Owen. She has left us, Reuben.

Cosey. Eloped with him you last night preserved.

Mrs. M. With young Plastic.

(Reuben staggers into a chair.)

Cosey. Come, come, she don't deserve a sigh—She's gone, and there's an end.—'Tis all over, and we'll be, what I call, comfortable without her, and—eh!

(Reuben, feeling his brain affected, his frame convulsed, looks with anxiety at his father, then catching Cosey's hand, whispers.)

Reub. Persuade my father to leave the room.

Owen. No, no; thy father will not leave thee—thou hast fasted long—pray take some refreshment.

Reub. I cannot—my heart is here—choked—choked.

Cosey. But, perhaps she was beguiled aw
 Stratagem might have been used.

Mrs. M. Lord, what a head have I! Here's a letter she desired me to give Reuben. *(Reuben takes it.)*

Cosey. Oh! this may explain—put—put all things to rights, you know—See, 'tis her hand.

Reub. *(Kisses it.)* Gone! She said—

Cosey. Read—read.

(Reuben attempts it, but gives the letter to Cosey.)

Cosey. Let us see. *(Reads.)* "What apology can I offer, for thus abruptly leaving

those who have so kindly sheltered and protected me? But love beckons, and pleasure awaits me; therefore, I hope the hearts of those I leave behind, will pardon mine, for thus following its ardent dictates."

Owen. Lost—abandon'd girl!

Cosey. Cruel!

Reub. No, 'twas kindly meant to break my heart at once. (*Folding it to his breast.*) There, be satisfied.

Owen. How wild his eyes are! I fear his senses are unsettled.

Reub. Let me go, father—I shall be better alone. "Rosalie will never wound the heart that loves her!" An angel spoke those words, and they are false. Oh! tear them from my memory—they burn—they madden!—Father, why gird my poor brain with hoops of iron? In mercy loose them. Ah! now I'm free—Rosalie, I come. (*Rushes out.*)

Owen. Here, Williams!

Enter WILLIAMS.

Reuben has rushed out, distracted.—Ask not the cause—follow—save him. (*Exit Williams.*)

Mrs. M. Now, all I have to do, is to go into a poor-house and die.

Cosey. What! Oh, you shameful, lazy, old woman! Go into a poor-house when you can honestly earn fifty pounds a year, as my house-keeper! Come, cheer up! But, where's the coach?

Enter EVANS.

Evans. The post-horses are knock'd up—
Coachman won't come.

Cosey. He won't! Dam'me, I'll trounce
him! Do you go, and just take his number
—That's all!

Evans. His number?

Cosey. Oh! I forgot where I was.

Evans. Here's a letter, Sir, from London.
(*Exit.*)

Cosey. (*Taking it.*) From my clerk—come to
tell me, I suppose that stocks are ten per cent
against me, and that waddle is the word—very
well!—never was in a better humour for it—
(*Reads.*) “Sir, I'm sorry to inform you”—
(blessed journey I've made of it!) “that Cap-
tain Glenroy was yesterday arrested”—(*Folds
the letter.*)

Owen. What, my son—my dear Augustus—
nay, it shall not be concealed—let me know the
worst—I can bear it, indeed I can.

Cosey. (*Reads*) “I have, according to
your order, settled with his creditor”—

Owen. Good, kind friend!

Cosey. (*Reads.*) “But I find he is com-
pletely ruined”—

Owen. Wretched father! my heart will
break.

Cosey. Dam'me, if it shall though, for a few
odd thousands. I tell you what, I'll take Reu-
ben to London with me—it may amuse him—
poor fellow!—and I'm sure he'll go, when he
knows he can serve his brother—He'll play
the very devil in my little counting-house;

but, never mind; he'll reform Augustus.—
Come, come, let's find him.

Owen. Would I were in my grave!

Cosey. No, no; that would not be what I
call comfortable. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.—*A desolate mountain. REUBEN discovered sitting on a rock, in a state of apathy.*—*WILLIAMS and ROSS, enter, on seeing him.*

Will. He's found.

Enter OWEN, and COSEY.

Owen. Ah my son! raise him from the ground. *(They bring him forward.)* Do you not know me, Reuben?

Reub. Yes.

Owen. Here are all your friends and neighbours—all that love you.

Reub. All that love me! *(Looks about.)* True, here are all.

Ross. See your poor father—pity his affliction!

Reub. My father! where? Oh! do not weep. See I don't weep.

Cosey. *(Apart.)* Be sure you keep clear of Rosalie—speak of his brother.

Owen. Have I then no cause for weeping.—Thy brother is ruin'd—ruined by dissipation—You love him?

Reub. Love! whom?

Owen. Your dear brother—He is lost to virtue.

Reub. Who's lost to virtue? (*With quick-
ness.*)

Owen. My son, Augustus.

Reub. Who? Augustus, did you say? What!
Tell me of him.

Owen. Reuben, you may yet save him.

Reub. What! save my brother? Oh repeat—
press it on my benumbed heart—that I can
save—

Cosey. Yes, yes; you can—let us, my friend,
leave this place.

Reub. Aye, aye, instantly—for there she once
reclined.—(*Covering his face.*)

Owen. Take leave of your friends. (*They
approach him.*)

Ross. You still will remember us.

Will. Still love us, Reuben.

Reub. (*Bursts into tears.*) I have now more
cause than ever; for you have made this heart
to beat again—but strong reasons prevent my
ever returning with you to those scenes, where
we were all so happy.—Heaven bless you—now
to Augustus—loose not a moment.

Cosey. Aye, go, go.

Owen. His poor father would die to save
him.

Reub. His brother will do more—he'll live
to save him. (*Exeunt Reuben and Owen.*)

Cosey. Farewell to you!

Ross. Ah, the poor will have cause to mourn
his loss.

Cosey. Oh, true; here—be Reuben's agent.
Take this purse, there.—Good bye to you all
(*Exeunt peasants.*) and now (*taking off his
hat and bowing*) farewell, Ma'am Nature—as I
don't mean to trouble you again, grateful for

all favours—you have broke my coach, broke my shins, broke my rest, and almost broke my heart—however I have learnt to post your account under the proper heads—For zephyrs, read hurricanes; for dew-drops, hail-stones as big as bullets; for calm content, thunder and discord—and for village paradise, the devil's own workshop.

(*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A fashionable Egyptian Room in London.*

Enter STILT, with various TRADESMEN.

Stilt. Porter, attend the door, for your master, Mr. Trot, is expected from the country every moment; and mind, shew him in here, the new Egyptian room. (*Tradesmen advance, offering money.*) Really, this is extremely irregular. It is true that, as Major Domo to Mr. Trot, certain douceurs appertain to my office from you, gentlemen Tradesmen. But, presenting money in this way, is indelicate, and improper, because, by accepting one offer, I may preclude a more liberal negociator.—Therefore, attend—Our expenditure will be enormous, but our resources are infinite. To-morrow bring your proposals sealed up. The biddings may be a percentage on profits; but remember, that I shall require security for the performance of your contracts, and that no tender can be received after one o'clock. (*A knock at the door.*) Retire and wait. (*Exeunt Tradesmen.*) Attend the door.

Enter THOMAS, *preceding* Mr. TROT, *who, looking about, stumbles against* STILT. (*Exit Thomas.*)

Trot. So, one fashionable Buck is here already.—Oh, I know Mrs. Glenroy expected her husband.—Captain Glenroy, I presume?

Stilt. No, Sir; I have the honour to be Major Domo—

Trot. Sir, I humbly ask pardon.

Enter Mrs. TROT.

My dear, give me leave.—Mrs. Trot,—Major Domo.—Major Domo,—Mrs. Trot.

Mrs. T. I shall sink with shame.—Major, indeed!

Trot. Then, what gentleman is?—

Mrs. T. Your gentleman—Your servant.

Trot. Oh! (*Walks round him, and compares clothes.*)

Stilt. Yes, Sir, my talents are yours; the consideration eighty pounds a year, and your wardrobe.

Trot. Oh, eighty pounds, and you take my clothes. Suppose I make it a hundred, and let me take yours.

Mrs. T. Mr. Trot, I blush for you. 'Tis time indeed, your drapery was changed. Let the proper people attend.

Stilt. Yes, Ma'am.

(*Exit Stilt.*)

Enter Mrs. GLENROY.

Mrs. G. What, quarreling so soon with the purveyors of taste.—I assure you fashion is very accommodating. But where is Augustus all this while? (*Knocking at the door.*)

Mrs. T. Perhaps, 'tis he—I vow, I long to see him.

Enter CAPTAIN GLENROY.

Mrs. G. My dear husband!—

Capt. G. My sweet Honoria!

Mrs. G. Ah! You don't look well, Augustus.

Capt. G. Fatigued by military duty, nothing more—But, tell me, what says your father? Is he reconciled to our marriage. Has your journey been a happy one?

Mrs. G. Oh, no; he refused even to see me. But come—don't look so *triste*—How is our sweet infant—well?

Capt. G. Quite well.

Mrs. G. Have you longed for my return? I shall hear what a rake you've been. But I ask a thousand pardons. I prattle out of tune. Captain Glenroy. (*Presenting him.*)

Mrs. T. Charming fellow!

Trot. Pretty soul!

Capt. G. Your protection of Mrs. Glenroy, Madam, claims my acknowledgements.

Mrs. T. Sir, I hope you will consider this house, and its pleasures at your command.

Capt. G. Infinitely obliged by your politeness.

Trot. (*To Mrs Glenroy.*) Never mind fathers—You'll find those, who will be happy to serve you.

Mrs. G. Highly flattered by your friendship. (*Trot and Mrs. Trot advance on Mr. and Mrs. Glenroy who, bowing, retreat unperceived.*)

Trot.
Mrs. Trot. } *To each other.*

{ Beautiful woman
—Oh lud!
Elegant youth—
A hem! You are
not going?

(*Captain and Mrs. Glenroy advance.*)

Capt. G. We must intrude here no longer.

Mrs. T. Positively I forbid it, till you have taken refreshments. Happy pair! And yet, my young friends, you'll find wretches, who will want to part you.

Mrs. G. (*Affecting alarm.*) Do you think so?

Trot. Oh yes.

Mrs. G. (*Smothering a laugh.*) I vow, you quite alarm me—Then, how prudent will it be in us, to cement a friendship here, where we behold the sweet union of two hearts, which, at once, excites our envy and imitation.

Mrs. T. Very true:—We are indeed blest. (*To Trot, angrily, and apart.*) Why don't you look tender?

Mrs. G. There's an interesting picture! Come, my Augustus!

Capt. G. My sweet Honoria. (*They join hands.*) *Exeunt.*

Mrs. T. (*Imitating.*) Come, my Peter!
Trot. Oh, my Peggy! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*London*—*PLASTIC's house—stair-case in the centre of the stage.*

PLASTIC descends, with a key in his hand.

Plas. Very well, my proud heroine! if you will be insensible to the pleasures I intend you, I must refer you to time, and a patent lock,—both warranted sure in their operations. Unreasonable Rosalie Somers! Sweet name! 'twould be a thousand pities to change it! Not but a sham marriage would be a convenient sedative enough for the qualms of conscience.—But, dam'it they are only to be found in novels and plays.

Enter HAWBUCK. (Running.)

Haw. Lord, Sir, I'm glad I've found you.

Plas. Where have you been?

Haw. That's what I want to know. They sent me out to look for you, and they told me to call at the Cocoa Tree.—The Thatched House.—But damn the tree or thatched house could I see in the whole place.—

Plas. Ha, ha, ha!

Haw. But I say, Sir, had you seen, as I was jaistering along, how waggishly the lasses looked at me!—Made I quite shameful.—Ah!

thinks I, I wish I knew where to buy some of that pratty bold stuff that you put on your faces. So looking about, I saw written again a house side, "The London Assurance."—Dam'it, says I, this is the shop, and in I jumped; but I ware wrong again—however, they told me not to be frightful, for they would insure me my life, which was very civil; for just before, I had a'most been run over wid coaches. (*A knocking at the door.*)

Plas. See who's at the door. (*Hawbuck going.*) That's not the way.

Haw. You know I can see who it is at window.

Plas. Answer the door.

Haw. Answer a door! he, he, he!

Plas. S'death! open it.

Haw. Oh!—(*Exit.—Returns.*) Sur, it be Captain Glenroy.

Plas. Show him in—and do you hear? when he is gone, carry some refreshment up stairs—You understand—be careful. (*Giving him the key*)

Haw. Oh, snug.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter HAWBUCK, showing in CAPTAIN GLENROY.—Exit HAWBUCK.

Plas. Glenroy—I'm very glad to see you.

Capt. G. Thank you, Charles. (*Throws himself into a chair.*)

Plas. You seem disturbed. (*With keen inquiry.*) Any ill news from Wales?

Capt. G. No, no. (*Apart.*) Thank Heaven, they are unacquainted with my conduct.—Did my

poor father know my folly, my misery.—
(*Strikes his forehead.*)

Plas. Well; how has fortune behaved to you?

Capt. G. As she does to all who trust her—
beggar'd me.

Plas. Some she enriches.

Capt. G. None—those who win, put their trust in a deity, that takes more care of its votaries.—The child of fortune plays fair, and is ruined; the pupil of fraud, cheats and thrives.

Plas. Then, why pursue a losing game?

Capt. G. Why does the glutton banquet with the gout?—Why does the lover court the mistress who wrongs him?—Simply, because he's mad:—However I am cured.

Plas. (*Apart.*) Those who have not left themselves a guinea to stake, generally are.

Capt. G. Gaming, Charles, must end in ruin.

Plas. And life must end in death, yet we're devilish jolly!—And remember, that a lucky moment at play, like the crisis of a fever, may produce convalescence in our purses, and make us good for another campaign. (*Apart.*) I wish he were gone.—So, spite of your lecture, I shall be off to the club.

Capt. G. Happy fellow! I mean, I pity you.

Plas. Ha, ha! thank you.

Capt. G. I have done, I tell you; and my commission—

Plas. Will amply support the establishment of the most fashionable wife in town, ha, ha!

Capt. G. Damnation! But for my beloved

Honoria, I could smile at poverty. By all that's sacred, 'tis for her sake alone that—

Plas. You will condescend to accept the loan of a few hundreds, and once more try.—
(*Presenting notes.*)

Capt. G. Charles—generous fellow!—If you really think I ought to try once more, why—

Plas. Upon my soul, I do.

Capt. G. But, only once more.

Plas. Oh! certainly—only once more. Well, Glenroy, I'll follow you—throw boldly, my boy—but don't clear all out—leave me the sweepings.

Capt. G. Farewell.—Hope and despair both urge me on. [Exit.]

Enter HAWBUCK. (Carrying refreshments.)

Plas. Very well—Not a word. (*Hawbuck ascends the stairs.*) So, Glenroy is in my power; and if the necessities of his wife should require the same sum, why she'll be in my power. (*A crash of broken china and glass is heard.*) Clumsy scoundrel! (*Hawbuck runs down the stairs.*)

Haw. Lord have mercy, Sir!

Plas. What's the matter?

Haw. Matter! Why, Miss, up stairs be gone.

Plas. (Seizing him by the collar.) Gone! Impossible!

Haw. Quite impossible. (*Plas. runs up.*) Only she happens not to be there, that's all.

Plas. (*Above.*) The window forced! When—how? (*Descends.*) Run!

Haw. Yes, Sir.

Plas. Where are you running?

Haw. I don't know.

Plas. 'Tis all owing to your damn'd stupidity.—You should have watched,—and —Dis-
trraction! my hopes destroy'd, my conduct ex-
posed.—(*Walks about, agitated.*)

Haw. Ha, ha! Ecod, she mun be a nice
clever lass, however, like!

Plas. (*With suppressed irritation.*) 'Tis
amusing! isn't it?

Haw. Yes, varry, I think, he, he!

Plas. You do—here are five pounds for
you.

Haw. Thank you, Sir:—Nice snug place
this I've got.

Plas. Now, go—I discharge you! Go! (*Vio-
lently.*)

Haw. Go—where? (*Alarmed.*)

Plas. To the devil.—Go. (*Points to the
door.*)

Haw. I'll follow you, Sir, if you please.

Plas. If you remain in this house five mi-
nutes, I'll break every bone in your infernal
ugly body.—Out-trick'd! exposed!— [*Exit.*

Haw. My ugly body! that's malice. Ecod,
he's gone—however, I've got five pounds, and
this grand coat.—Come, that's fair enough for
three day's sarvice.—Ecod, I'm not quite sure
that I will go home. For if your cocknies be
such flats as that, there can be no call for a lad
brought up in Yorkshire, to be in a hurry to
go away. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A fashionable Street.*

Enter COSEY and REUBEN.

Cosey. (Singing as he enters.) “ Oh, rare London Town! charming London Town!” Thank heaven, here we are!—Aye, here are nice hard flags to walk on—there are your houses, so pretty-all-of-a-row, like my ledgers—Does it not raise your spirits, eh? Only see me in the city by and by—up to Lloyd’s—down to the Jerusalem—cross to the Bank—into the Alley—pop to Garraway’s—But, hey day, Reuben! what are you looking for, eh?

Reub. Is not my brother’s residence in this neighbourhood?

Cosey. Oh! true—Egad! I had quite forgot—There the prodigal lives; but he is not worth our care.

Reub. Oh, Sir! the hope of restoring a brother to virtue, is the only balmy drop that is mingled in my cup of bitterness—do not dash it from my lips.

Cosey. He is an incorrigible gamester.

Reub. I hope not. But, should his misfortunes urge him to despair—think of my poor father—Who then will cheer his latter day?

Cosey. Has he not Reuben?

Reub. He may not live long.

Cosey. Come, come, no more of that. There’s my pocket-book—the contents are yours. But don’t let brotherly love get the better of honest distretion.

Reub. Worthy friend, doubt me not.

Cosey. Good bye! but damn the dumps. I'll soon put you in spirits—I say, I'll shew you our Hall and Bedlam, and Newgate; and we'll be so jolly!—And should I hear any thing of Rosalie—My dear fellow, I ask a thousand pardons for bringing her to your mind.

Reub. (*With a melancholy smile.*) Bringing her to my mind? Ah, Sir! (*Exit.*)

Cosey. An ungrateful Jade! Where can she be? Pugh! no matter.—I would not go the length of this cane to save her from—(*Looking out.*) Eh! why sure, is that—(*Running and calling.*) Rosalie,—won't you speak to your old guardian? Oh lud! no—nothing like her—No, not the length of this cane.

Enter TROT.

Ah, my old friend, welcome to London.

Trot. (*In a melancholy tone.*) Thank you.

Cosey. Isn't it a jolly place?

Trot. Oh, very—

Cosey. But, heyday! You dont seem to be, what I call, comfortable.

Trot. No, not particularly so.

Cosey. That's because you don't live in the city.—Here, even their language is unintelligible.

Trot. Oh! but I've learnt some of that. When any body says, "How are you?" I am to say I am in great force, and that my wife's in high preservation; then I'm to throw in taste and style into every sentence, just like mace and cloves in a cookery book.

Cosey. Then, their late hours—

Trot. Why, that's pretty well managed; for when we have a party, I am to sup before dinner, and then I can attend to the guests.—But, zounds! they won't attend to me—they make such a fuss about the new woman, as they call my wife, that nobody thinks of the old man.—Last night, when the rooms were as full as a bag of cotton, they elbowed me about, 'till I was forced to tell them who was man of the house; and then a squalid, nankeen-faced fop lounged up to me, munching a bunch of grapes, that cost me a guinea, and sputtering the skins in my face, said, I was a damn'd fine fellow, and had better go to bed.

Cosey. Oh, 'tis like them.

Trot. But that was nothing to what I went thro' at the club.

Cosey. What, have you been at a stylish club too?

Trot. Oh, yes; and one member said, if I would make it worth his while, he would caricature me—another asked me if I was ever out?—I said, every morning, then they all laughed at me. In short, they set me on fire, with ice cream made of cayenne, and quenched me with claret; and when I was completely what they called, turned up, they ordered a porter, pinned my direction on my back, and sent me home as damaged goods.

Cosey. Ha! ha! Oh, rare London! I beg your pardon, ha! ha! (*Looking at his watch.*) Egad, I must be off to Change.

Trot. Ah! if I could but muster courage enough to have my own way—

Cosey. Why, that can't require much resolution.

Trot. And go into the country.

Cosey. Ah! that must require a good deal; but, zounds! be determined, and if you dislike your stylish life, sell the house, and all that's in it.

Trot. Why, I've had it but a week.

Cosey. So much the more fashionable; for now, the run to ruin is so rapid, that the upholsterer has hardly done knocking up, when in pops the auctioneer, and he begins knocking down.

(*Exit.*)

Trot. What an expense! How many times must my spinning Jennies turn round, before this account is balanced. Among them I was happy;—so busy from morning to night, I had not time to eat or sleep. Ah! those jolly times are over. Here I may twirl my thumbs all day, or—

Enter ROSALIE (Running.)

Rosa. Oh, in mercy, save me! (*Sinking down.*)

Trot. A woman in distress!—Be composed:—There, there! (*supporting her.*)

Rosa. Oh, defend me!

Trot. That I will.

Rosa. I fear I'm pursued.

Trot. No, no, you are safe. What do you fear? From whom do you fly?

Rosa. A wretch, who, by a vile stratagem, tore me from my friends—and, as he thought, secured—

Trot. Don't tremble so.—There, recover your spirits. And how did you escape?

Rosa. I'll tell you, Sir—The room I was confined in, looked into an obscure street, where I observed some workmen employed, I watched an opportunity, by signs to employ their assistance, and shewed them my purse. Fortunately they understood me, and rais'd a ladder against the window; which they forc'd open, and they enabled me to effect my escape.—I threw them their reward and fled,—but I fear, I shall be pursued.

Trot. Fear nothing. Where shall I conduct you?

Rosa. Alas! I know not—my friends live in Wales, Sir.

Trot. Well, well, my house is at hand, and I shall like it the better for sheltering you, my pretty innocent.—So, come—have you any objections to inform me who you are?

Rosa. Oh, Sir, I have no concealments—My name is Rosalie Somers.

Trot. Rosalie Somers!—Zounds. What shall I do? You must know, Miss Somers, that I had the misfortune—No, I mean simply I married into the family of the Plastics—And my wife—she—that is, perhaps—

Rosa. I understand—she would not receive me—deserted, miserable girl! (*Going.*)

Trot. Hold ! I certainly am married to Mrs. Trot ; but as certainly not wedded to her opinions. And though, between ourselves, I believe I may have sunk a little the dignity of the husband, I hope I have not degraded the character of the man :—So fear nothing, I'll conduct you to the protection of a kind lady, the Honourable Mrs. Glenroy.

Rosa. Mrs. Glenroy ! She is related to my dearest friends. O, thanks ! thanks ! Would I were there !

Trot. Why, sure you are not afraid of me ?

Rosa No, Sir ; you look like a very harmless gentleman.

Trot. Egad, they would not find me so, who attempted to insult you. And so far from fearing to encounter a hundred of your fighting bloods, curse me if I think I should be afraid of meeting Mrs. Trot. I dare say, I shall look quite smart by her side. (*Cocking his hat.*) So, take my arm, my dear. Nay, don't hurry. We'll proceed leisurely, and enjoy the walk, and talk of this, that, and t'other. [*Exeunt, arm in arm ; he strutting and flourishing his cane.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Captain Glenroy's House.*

Enter REUBEN, *preceded by* ROBERT.

Reub. Your Lady, you say, is in her own apartment.

Serv. Yes, Sir, I believe she is dressing.

Reub. I wish to speak with her.

Serv. I don't think she'll be at home, Sir.

Reub. Why, s'death! don't you say, she is at home?

Serv. No, Sir; I only say, she is not out.

Reub. Pshaw! go, and acquaint her a gentleman must see her immediately.

Serv. Your name, Sir?

Reub. I'll tell her my name, Sir.—Go.

[*Exit Robert.*]

How changed my nature! I feel my heart contract within me, as if it shrunk from all commerce with social feeling. Let me not, however, while I lament that vice is the common shade in the portrait of the human heart—no, let me not forget that it is but the shade:—and infernal must that eye be, which dwells only on the sombre spots of the picture, blind to the warm colouring of the affections, and the glowing tints of active benevolence.

Enter Mrs. GLENROY.

Mrs. G. Sir, I am quite shock'd that you should have been admitted.

Reub. Madam, I didn't mean to intrude. ✓

[*Retiring.*]

Mrs. G. Dear Sir, don't mistake. I presume you know 'tis the height of ill-breeding to let any body in, that's kind enough to inquire after one's health?

Reub. I did *not* know that, Madam; yet am glad to receive from your fair self the pleasing evidence that the inquiry is needless.

Mrs. G. I am well, I thank you, Sir. Health is quite the fashion.

Reub. Indeed! then I hope, for your sake, Madam, fashion will no longer be distinguished for its fickleness.

Mrs. G. To whom am I indebted for these kind wishes?

Reub. Madam, I am the elder brother of that miserable and degraded man, your husband.

Mrs. G. Miserable! degraded!

[*Indignantly.*]

Reub. Aye, Lady.—Must he not be miserable, who risks at play what might preserve his family from ruin? Is he not degraded, who, by dissipation, contracts debts, and withholds from honest industry its hard-earned pittance?

Mrs. G. Vulgar and contemptible! You the brother of Augustus?

Reub. I have confess'd it.

Mrs. G. I am sorry for it.

Reub. So am I.—But I prefer humiliation to falsehood.

Mrs. G. (*Courtesying.*) I would wish, Sir, to be mistress of my own time, as soon as it may suit your convenience.

[*Going.*]

Reub. Madam, my business here is to serve, rather than to please; to speak the severe language of truth, not the soft blandishments of flattery. Yet, believe me, my nature (though perhaps blunt) is averse to insult; and should I prosper in snatching a beloved brother from ruin, the joy of my heart will be damp'd, indeed, if, in saving him, I forfeit your kind estimation.

Mrs. G. (*Presenting her hand.*) All is forgotten—You are my husband's brother.

Reub. And your devoted friend. (*Taking her hand and kissing it.*) How does your sweet infant? Where is my little nephew?

Mrs. G. Quite well, and with his nurse.

Reub. Surely *I* am with his nurse.

Mrs. G. O, no, Sir—'tis not the fashion for ladies——

Reub. The fashion! Now is it possible a woman should be so lost to her own felicity as to lavish on a hireling the cherub smile of instinctive gratitude, which beams in the eye of infancy, while nestling on that bosom, at once the fountain of its life, and pillow of its rest? O! my young matrons, in thus estranging your little offspring, you foresee not the perdition you cause—you know not the earthly paradise you abandon.

Mrs. G. (*Strongly affected.*) Sir—You are eloquent.

Reub. 'Tis the subject that is so: Nature wants no orator to plead her cause. Ha! a tear! Oh, hide it not! Believe me, my dear sister, no gem that sparkles in your dress is half so ornamental as that glistening drop, which your overflowing heart now shoots into your eye, endearing evidence of maternal sympathy.

Mrs. G. I feel my error. Oh! why did not your brother thus admonish, thus——

Reub. I am your friend, but he is your lover: and he who loves truly will suffer much ere he can teach his eye the scowl of discontent. Long, long will his heart throb with

agony, before one groan shall disturb your slumbers, one breath of reproof ruffle your peaceful bosom.

Mrs. G. Ah! you have loved. (*Reuben agitated.*) Are you ill?

Reub. 'Twas nothing—'tis past. I have learnt where your husband will pass his evening. I'll bring him to you.

Mrs. G. Oh, he will not leave his party.

Reub. He shall!—He will not need compulsion to come to the wife he loves.—His fortunes are most desperate—his character, his honour—perhaps his life—implicated.

Mrs. G. Oh Heavens! in mercy do not say so.

Reub. Do you, then, love my poor brother?

Mrs. G. Better than my life, a thousand times.

Reub. Poor, did I call him? Ah! he possesses——

Mrs. G. What!

Reub. A treasure worth the empire of the world—a virtuous woman's heart. Fear nothing—All shall be well.

Mrs. G. (*Kisses his hand.*) I promised my dear Augustus to meet him this evening at a party. I shall be late,

Reub. Pray, do not go.

Mrs. G. Not go?

Reub. Come, 'tis the first favour I ever asked you.

Mrs. G. The whole world will be there.

Reub. And cannot the whole world go on

without you for one night !—Hush ! I heard some one lamenting.

Mrs. G. 'Tis the cry of my dear little infant.

Reub. Aye—It wants its mother. Come—I long to hold it in my arms.

Mrs. G. But my dress is unfit—

Reub. The best in the world ; these gew-gaws will delight the child :—they're fit for nothing else. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*A Subscription House—an elegant supper set out—another table, on which are pens, ink, paper, &c.—An anti-chamber, with door in the centre, leading to a hazard room, &c.*
1st waiter, attending on the stage—dice-box heard.—

GROOM-PORTER. (*Without.*)

G. Por. Deuce. Ace! Caster out—

Capt. G. (*Without.*) Fresh dice!

G. Por. Ready, Sir;—goe's amain!

Enter 2d waiter.

1st Wait. Well, what's doing?

2d Wait. The Pharo's flimsy, but there's some famous strong hazard.

Enter REUBEN.

Reub. So, here it is that fortune distributes smiles that madden, and frowns that destroy.—Her temple is indeed magnificent.

1st Wait. Sir, I believe, you're not a subscriber.

Reub. Neither to the place, nor to the opinion of its members. Is Captain Glenroy here.

1st Wait. Yes, Sir.

Reub. I must see him.

1st Wait. I dare not disturb him.

Reub. Indeed?—Luckily, however, I dare.

1st *Wait.* Beg pardon, Sir; but you mustn't go there—it would be as much as my place is worth.

Reub. Then, Sir, he must come to me—His wife wants him at home. (*Waiters stifle a laugh.*) Why, is truth never spoken here, that you stare so, when you hear it? I must in, I see.

1st *Wait.* Indeed, Sir, none enter that room but gentlemen who play. (*Dice box heard.*)

Reub. Well, I'll play.—How do they play? What do they do?—Oh, I perceive my mistake—fortune's candidates, like others, are, I suppose expected to produce their qualifications. Look here—look here. (*Shewing notes.*) Are not these documents excellent proofs of my eligibility to a seat there?

1st *Wait.* They are the right sort of thing, Sir, certainly.

Reub. I thought so. (*Approaching the door.*) Play! amusement! Why, to my ear, 'tis compounded of the lamentations of misery, the laugh of madness, and the execration of fiends.—What fixed despair is settled in that face!—'Tis my brother—leave the room—be gone!

(*Exeunt waiters.*)

Enter CAPTAIN GLENROY.

Capt. G. My fate's concluded! Ruin'd beyond hope!—Where shall I go—to my home? To conduct my wife and child to a prison.—When I reflect on what I was, and what I am! Ah! my dear father, are these the fruits of all thy

pious cares? Reuben too—he happy with his Rosalie!

(Reuben catches at a chair for support.)
little thinks what tortures rend his wretched brother's heart—my beloved wife!—will she not hate, perhaps abandon me? Oh, for poison!
(Sinks into a chair, and covers his face with his hands.)

Reub. If you love, as I have done, and she should desert you, you will not need the poison you call so loudly for.

Capt. G. Will wine give a respite to this agony? *(Fills and drinks.)* No, no: death, death only—*(His hand falls on a knife, which he seizes.)* Ah! called him, and he's here. Awful moment! Yet, let me pause—I dare not think—Fountain of mercy, pardon a wretch *(Reuben seizes his arm.)* Horror! do I behold Reuben?

Reub. Do I behold Augustus? Madman—suicide—brother! *(falls into his arms.)* Oh! to meet you thus!

Capt. G. Pity and leave me. I'm lost to happiness, to hope.

Reub. Are you lost to virtue? Look there! is that the tomb of a dear brother's honour.—
(Points to the room.)

Capt. G. My soul sickens at it.

Reub. Be honest with me. Is there any thing could tempt you again to game?

Capt. G. Not empires.

Reub. Can you resolutely promise that?

Capt. G. Solemnly—And swear by that insulted power—*(Bows.)*

Reub. No oaths. Truth is sufficiently sa-

cred (*Takes his hand with joyful exultation.*)
My brother shall again know happiness.

Capt. G. Impossible!

Reub. Did I ever deceive you?

Capt. G. No; but you know not the extent of my losses—deeply involved—my commission pledged for a debt of honour—

Reub. Was it not before pledged to your country? And is it thus you discharge *that* debt of honour?—

Capt. G. Oh, spare me! I am indeed dishonoured.

Reub. Come, come, that too shall be redeem'd

Capt. G. Best of men! Ah, Reuben you look much altered—Tell me—

Reub. Of myself hereafter. I shall be better when I see you happy. Come, leave this accursed place:—your wife expects you.

Capt. G. I cannot join the gay circle, where she now shines.

Reub. She is at home, and with one who loves her.

Capt. G. Who loves her!

Reub. With your child, my brother—go and seek happiness where only 'tis to be found, in the bosom of your family.

Capt. G. My wife remain at home! You do not know her.

Reub. Much better than you do. You inebriate her mind with draughts of flattery, and then wonder at the want of reason yourself have caused. Instead of courting a woman's smiles by adulation, resolve by manly propriety to secure her respect; instead of being the ser-

vile echo of her opinion, be the mild, yet firm assertor of your own—Wives, my dear Augustus, may love to controul, but take my word for it, they must despise the tame obsequiousness that submits to such usurpation.—Go, go, I'll follow, and bring your benefactor to you.
well?

Capt. G. Yet, tell me—my dear father—is he well?

Reub. Yes.

Capt. G. And how is—

Reub. No more enquiries but be gone—Stay, stay—to whom have you pledged your commission?

Capt. G. To Charles Plastic.

Reub. To whom?

Capt. G. Mr. Plastic—what agitates you? Here he is.

Reub. Away, away, then—I'll soon be with you.

(*Exit Capt. Glenroy.*)

Enter PLASTIC.

Plas. Waiter, is my carriage there?

Enter 1st Waiter.

Wait. Not yet, Sir.

Plas. Let me know, the moment it comes.

(*Exit Waiter.*)

(*Sits.*)—A precious lucky day I've had of it! Idiot! fool! to kick down every thing by backing out one infernal hand, and leave myself minus—I dare not think how much. Well, Glenroy's commission must go, and the rest

must be raised, heaven knows where. What do you want?

Reub. So little, that I am come to enrich you.

Plas. (*Rising.*) Upon my soul, I'm very much obliged to you. Can I offer any—?

Reub. I want nothing of you but your attention. You are acquainted with Captain Glenroy?

Plas. My dearest friend.

Reub. From which dearest friend you have won that, which you must know will utterly ruin him;—

Plas. Indeed!

Reub. Dishonour him in the eyes of those honest men, who have trusted, and must suffer by him;—

Plas. Really? (*Yawning.*)

Reub. And make his lovely and amiable wife for ever wretched.

Plas. No, there you wrong me. Upon my honour, I mean to do all I can to make her happy.

Reub. I'm glad to hear that, however.

Plas. A precious stupid fellow I've got here.

Reub. Well, Sir, I concur with you in feeling the warmest friendship for Glenroy, only we differ a little in our mode of shewing it. He tells me he has pledged his commission to you—for how much?

Plas. A couple of cool thousands, and I should be devilish glad to see half of it

Reub. There, Sir, is the whole of it. (*Pleasant notes.*)

Plas. My dear Sir, I'm under the highest obligations.—Who the devil is he! I should like to know a little more of this gentleman.—Sir, this favour is so unexpected, so opportune, I wish from my soul I could, in return, render any service, afford any information—

Reub. You could, perhaps, give me some information on a matter I am much interested in; but it would trouble you with the hearing of a dull tale.

Plas. Trouble?—on the contrary, by the honour of your confidence, my feelings would be highly gratified.—Who the devil can this be?

Reub. At all events, your curiosity shall. (*They sit.*) My father's fire-side was made happy by the presence of a lady, to whose surpassing virtues and accomplished mind this heart paid a homage—Sir, 'twas adoration—perhaps 't was impious.

Plas. And her person—

Reub. Oh, the sculptor might have studied her features to improve the Medicean Venus. Her eyes, complexion, form—keep me to my story will you, for I am apt to wander. One stormy night, of more than common violence, the cry of distressed travellers reached us,—

Plas. Travellers! Where might this happen?

Reub. In Wales. Perhaps you have been there, and witnessed those sudden storms?

Plas. I have been there.

Reub. Lately?

Plas. Not very.

Reub. Oh! I rushed forth, and, at some personal peril, reached the place, where I found

a gentleman extended on the ground, cold and insensible:—the drifting snow forming over him a wintry shroud.—I took him in my arms, and, strengthened by the hope of saving a fellow creature, bore him in safety to my father's house.

Plas. (Apart.) The man that saved my life! Thank heaven, he does not know me.—Such conduct was brave, noble—

Reub. If you please, we will call things by their proper names. 'Twas the conscientious discharge of an imperious duty, nothing more. Yet, perhaps, you'll think it claimed some little return of gratitude.

Plas. (Embarrassed.) Oh, certainly.

Reub. And how was it paid?—I warmed this serpent into life—our hospitable roof sheltered him—this lady watched his bed,—he, devil-like, poured into her ear the poison of his flattery—coil'd round her unsuspecting heart—bore her from friends, from honour—devoted me to misery—to madness—

Plas. Hold! Could you not recognize his features?

Reub. No; his face was disfigured by the blood that flowed from a wound he had received in his forehead—like that. (*Pointing to a mark on Plastic's.*)

Plas. A scratch with a foil in exercise. 'Tis unlucky that his name should be unknown.

Reub. Ay; but his name is known.

Enter 1st Waiter.

1st Wait. Mr. Plastic, your carriage waits.

[*Exit 1st Waiter.*]

Plas. Damnation ! Sir, I shall take an opportunity of expressing my gratitude.

Reub. (*Catching his arm.*) Nay, think not to escape me:—These sinews are braced by rigorous toil—The blood that rushes from this heart, flows like its feelings, warm, steady, and uncorrupted. Where is she, Sir,—Where is my—where is *your* Rosalie ?

Plas. Sir, we this morning parted ; she left me to——

Reub. And with honour ?

Plas. With honour.

(*Reuben expresses thanks to heaven.*)

Reub. One question more—Does she love you ?

Plas. Does that *require* an answer ? She left your protection for mine—I thought you had received a letter from her expressive of——

Reub. It is enough.—I promised Rosalie my life should be devoted to her happiness ;—the task is hard indeed ; but it shall be perform'd—She has given you her heart—Sir, you must make yourself worthy of it by the only atonement in your power.

Plas. As how ?

Reub. By marrying her.

Plas. Marrying her !

Reub. Surely he does not understand me. The punishment assigned you for shooting the icy bolt of death thro' this heart, which rekindled life in yours, is, to marry Rosalie Somers. To pass your life with her, to have cherubs climb your knees, that call her mother—in sickness and misfortune, to have her hand to smooth the

pillow for your head, her love to soothe the sorrows of your heart. (*Sits and writes.*) You say you owe me gratitude : sign this, the debt is paid.

Plas. What does it contain ?

Reub. A promise of marriage.

Plas. Sir, I adore Miss Somers ! and were not my fortune so inadequate to—

Reub. But she is rich—immensely rich—the Cardigan estate is hers.

Plas. Indeed ? the best speculation that could possibly offer.—Sir, I only wish'd the means to make her happy—and sign it with joy.

[*Signs.*]

Reub. 'Tis done. [*Recovering himself.*] Do me the favour of meeting me in half an hour at our friend's.

Plas. Friend ! Who ?

Reub. Have you so soon forgot your dearest friend,—Glenroy ?

Plas. Oh, Glenroy—I'll be punctual.

(*Exit Plastic.*)

Reub. Now then to seek, and for the last time to look on her. [*Looks at the paper.*] Come, get acquainted here, [*putting it next his heart*] thou contract for Rosalie's happiness—thou warrant for Reuben's death.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in GLENROY'S House—A Swing-Cradle—Nurse attending—Mrs. GLENROY, in a plain Dress, leaning over the Child—Capt. GLENROY attending.*

Mrs. G. He sleeps ! Ah, my husband, now

we are awakened from our feverish dream of folly, let it be our care by virtuous precept and more persuasive example, that the smile of content, which now plays round this infant's lips, may be continued there in riper years.

Capt. G. My sweet monitress !

Mrs. G. But don't suppose, my dear, I mean to wage vulgar war against fashion ; 'tis a science, and like others, is disgraced by quacks and pretenders, and such I account those ladies who seek celebrity, by driving four in hand, starting a Captain of Grenadiers out of countenance—risking their reputation against a rouleau, or making their *beaudoir* resemble the interior of a licentious haram. Oh ! to form a real woman of fashion, the Muses and Graces must join in sweet alliance with the Virtues. Such a character, I own, I wish to emulate, and therefore, in future, instead of always asking others if this or this be the fashion, I will frequently ask myself if it ought to be.

Enter Mrs. GLENROY'S MAID.

Serv. Madam, the young lady Mr. Trot brought here to day is now awake—She seems much refreshed, and intreats to see you.

Mrs. G. I'll wait on her. (*Exit maid.*)

Capt. G. 'Tis very mysterious ! Pray, my love, did Miss Somers at all explain ?—

Mrs. G. Dear, interesting girl, she wished it but was so agitated, and fatigued, that I positively forbid it, 'till she had taken repose—All I learnt was she was taken from

your father's house by a person of the name of Maitland.

Capt. G. Reuben is strongly attached to her.

Mrs. G. Then, pray now, let me have the pleasure of telling him she's here.—

Enter REUBEN and COSEY.

Reub. There, Sir, there.

Cosey. Eh! egad, this is what I call comfortable?

Reub. This is your work, this is your benefactor,

Cosey. Don't thank me—my work! No, no,—I could not have managed it—To be sure, if you had been confined, and your health very bad, and the jail very damp, I might perhaps have given freedom to your body: but he has removed the chains of destructive habits, he has given health to your mind—and, dam'me, if I don't make London ring—

Mrs. G. Dear Sir, you'll wake my child—

Cosey. I say, what have you called him?

Capt. G. His name is to be Christopher.

Cosey. Nay, nay, you're joking.—What, my name? Ah! where would be the pleasure of watching the turn of the market, if it was not for thinking, when I'm laid low, that your saucy brats will point to my picture (*weeps*) and say that's the jolly old dog

that left us all the money.—

Capt. G. Dear Sir, far distant be that hour.

Cosey. (*Takes their hands with firmness.*) Ah, my boy!—Settling day must come to us all. But if we take care that the balance appears on the side of probity, and warm feeling to our fellow-men; doubt not but our accounts will be passed with errors excepted.—But come, Captain, you must with me, to prepare for the city in the morning.—You are set on your legs, to be sure; but we must enable you to wag them a bit, and a transfer receipt is an excellent recipe.—But zounds! Why do you hang back?

Capt. G. Sir, I have creditors there who—

Cosey. Pugh! (*Producing pocket-book.*) Here's ammunition enough in this old cartridge box, to blow all the bailiff's to the devil. But why did you go into the city to borrow of the Jews?

Capt. G. Because, Sir, I found them much more conscientious than Christian money-lenders.

Cosey. There, there, Reuben!—You see the city's the place, even if a man wants to be ruin'd.— [*Exeunt Cosey and Captain Glenroy.*]

Enter Mrs. GLENROY, leans on REUBEN'S shoulder.

Mrs. G. Well, won't you smile? You shall tho'. For, know, Sir, that to a woman of spirit a debt of gratitude is an irksome feel-

ing.—So, I am come to clear off mine by informing you, that Miss Somers is in this house. Oh, if you don't believe, I'll soon—
(*Going.*)

Reub. Pray, stay.

Mrs. G. Will you not see her?

Reub. Not immediately. I have taken the freedom, Madam, of appointing a gentleman to meet me here. Till he arrives, with your leave, I'll retire.—These rooms are hot and close—I am used to freer air.

Mrs. G. Miss Somers seems to have suffered much.

Reub. (*Smiles.*) Tell her, her sufferings will soon end.—
[*Exit.*]

Enter ROSALIE.

Rosa. Pardon, dear Madam, this intrusion; but I thought I heard a well-known voice.

Mrs. G. 'Twas Reuben Glenroy's.

Rosa. Did he know I was here?

Mrs. G. Yes.

Rosa. Would he not see me?

Mrs. G. He certainly declined it. I mentioned your sufferings, he smiled, and said they would soon end.

Rosa. Smiled! Indeed, indeed, I've not deserved it. (*Weeps.*)

Mrs. G. Sincerely, I believe you.

Rosa. But, pray let me tell you my sad story, Madam, pray do.

Mrs. G. Were it for the removing of my doubts of your conduct, I should forbid it; but being to gratify your own delicacy, I entreat it.

Rosa. Thank you, Madam.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Mr. Plastic, Madam. [*Exit Robert.*]

Plas. (*Without.*) Very well, I'll wait for him.

Rosa. Ah! (*Shrieks.*)

Mrs. G. What causes —

Rosa. 'Tis he, 'tis he!—The wretch that tore me from my friends, —

Mrs. G. You must mistake.—This is Mr. Plastic.

Rosa. Whatever be his name, 'tis he, indeed. Oh! save me from him!

Mrs. G. You are safe.

Rosa. I tremble so—pray allow me to retire.

Mrs. G. By all means. [*Exit Rosalie.*]
So, my honourable lover! I blush at my levity.

Enter PLASTIC.

Plas. My dear Mrs. Glenroy, I am happy to meet you, to apologize for a seeming inattention——

Mrs. G. Oh, doubtless, Sir, more pleasing avocations——

Plas. Nay, that's cruel.—But you seem disturbed.—Won't you favour me with your confidence?

Mrs. G. Have you not enough of your own?

Plas. I give you my honour——

Mrs. G. How generous! having no farther occasion for it yourself——

Plas. Come, come, you know I've lost my heart.

Mrs. G. Advertise it—a small reward will

bring it back—particularly, as you may safely add, 'Tis of no value but to the owner.

Plas. Madam, you compel me to be serious.

Mrs. G. I'm sorry for it, as it compels me to be so—You are a villain!

Plas. You had better teach your husband that word.

Mrs. G. Oh, you are not worth a soldier's anger, much less a soldier's sword; and in return for the virtuous principles you aimed to instil into this thoughtless, but innocent breast, know, Sir, that when Heaven ordained that chastity should be "the jewel of our souls," it gave for its defenders, Religion and Honour, those centinels (spite of my levity) I hope I have cherished, and can report to my beloved commander, that the citadel is impregnable. Miss Somers, Sir—You may well start, she is in that room.

Plas. Indeed?—Madam, 'tis essential to my happiness, that I see Miss Somers immediately.

Mrs. G. You shall not, Sir.

Plas. What on earth can prevent me?

Mrs. G. Good breeding. (*He bows.*) Who after this shall dare to censure polished society, when its laws can chain him down, who would have spurn'd at all stops of virtue and honour.

Enter REUBEN, Captain GLENROY, and COSEY.

Capt. G. See, brother—Mr. Plastic is here—

Reub. Now then, sister, I will ask permission of Miss Somers to address a few words to her.

Mrs. Glenroy leads in Rosalie.

Madam, you may remember, I vowed to you, that my life should be devoted to the promoting of your happiness:—and though you have been pleased to disregard your promise, I am come to prove that I have not forgotten mine.

Rosa. Reuben!

Reub. Pray do not speak. I think, if I do not hear your voice, I shall be better able to discharge this last duty. This letter, Madam, which you addressed to me—my heart having got thoroughly acquainted with its contents—I have the honour of restoring to you.

Rosa. Ah, not signed! *(Casts a look of indignation at Plastic.)*

Reub. And in this paper you will find the fulfilment of your hopes, the consummation of your happiness:—and that you may be happy will be the latest wish this heart can throb with, the last petition my tongue can utter.

Cosey. And that your joy may be perfect, here are the valuable title deeds of your estate—I also wish you every—dam’ it, I can’t lie.

Ros. O, Madam, I shrink from the situation I am placed in.

Mrs. G. Take courage, my sweet girl—your happiness, your innocence, demands its exertion.

Rosa. Pray don’t leave me! *(Collects herself.)* First, this, *your* letter, Mr. Plastic, the sentiments of which caused a blush, while my hand traced them, and from which you have basely withheld your name, I shall retain,

to clear my fame, with those friends, if any such remain, who love me.

Capt. G. Did you hear?

Rosa. For this marriage promise, so singular, so unfashionable, the best service I can do will be to class it with the promises you are in the habit of making, by thus rendering it—nothing: (*Tears it.*) These, I am told, are of great value, alas, of none to me,—unless,—Reuben—(*Tends to him, presenting the deeds.*)—Rosalie will never wound the heart that loves her.

Reub. (*In silence raises her.*) She's true—She's true!—(*Rushes into her arms.*) My life, my soul, my Rosalie! Sacred be our vows! eternal our loves!—(*Leads her up the stage.*)

Cosey. Huzza! Huzza! May you ever be as happy as—Dam'it, as I am now—Poor fellow!

Mrs. G. Poor, indeed! when I know a certain old gentleman, who intends making him his heir.

Cosey. And what right have you to suppose that old gentleman such a cursed ninny? Make him my heir! What, give him my money, when I can't see him enjoy it. No, not such a fool as that. Why, I say, you seem to be what I call rather lame-duckish.

Plas. Pray, don't suppose these accidents can affect my spirits, or shake my reputation—No! thanks to the hurry, dash, and confusion of St. James's-street, the tale will pass as rapidly as the carriage which contains the subject of it.

(*Exit Plastic.*)

Cosey. You are mistaken. Distinctions between right and wrong are not yet so confounded.—And there is a test that tries the

greatest of you; for, at the bottom of that same St. James's street, there stands a large, old-fashioned brick tenement, where, (thanks to its owner!) fashion has always been subjected to the strict control of *decorum*, and where *off-gacy* has not dared to shew its head.

(REUBEN—ROSALIE—Capt. and Mrs. G—N—ROY—*advancing*.)

Reuben—Rosalie—my sweet girl, accept the blessing of your old guardian, while he thus consigns you to the arms of a new one.

Reub. How shall I thank you for the inestimable gift?

Capt. G. Or how shall I express my sense of that benevolence which has saved me from ruin; and, aided by a brother's kind admonitions, taught me how to value the principles of real honour, and the charms of domestic felicity?

Cosey. No more of my benevolence, I beseech you. We are bound in this life to make each other as happy as we can, and there's an end.

Reub. Your goodness, Sir, has made us so completely happy, that our contentment can now receive but one encrease, the over-paying and encouraging reward, conferred by the approbation of our indulgent auditors.

Cosey. Ha! that would indeed make us, what I call, comfortable.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN by MR. COLMAN.

Enter TROT and COSEY.

Trot. There's a dispute, good folks, 'between us two,

Cosey. Which, with your leaves, we'll argue before you.

Trot. Now for the question.

Cosey. That is soon express'd :

Trot. Namely ;

Cosey. The Town,

Trot. And Country—

Both. Which is best ?

Trot. Give me the Country !—I shall trundle down
With rapture !

Cosey. Yes—you leave your wife in Town.

Your back once turn'd, she'll spin away your gins
neat ;

Then who's to bring you more ?

Trot. My spinning jennies.

Cosey. But tell me what the Country boasts.

Trot. Its hills,

Dales, lawns, and groves, and streams—for cotton-
mills ;

Walks through plough'd fields, to circulate your
blood—

Cosey. Curse Country dirt !

Trot. And, damn the London mud !

I'm for green banks, far from the deaf'ning cries
Of Dust ho ! Matches ! Muffins ! Sweep ! Hot pies !

Cosey. I'm for St. Mary Axe—remote from sounds
Of bullocks, mastiffs, asses, hogs, and hounds.
As to your banks, however green they grow,
The Bank of England is the best I know.

EPILOGUE.

- Trot.* No more of London follies, fogs, and smokes!
Place me, say I, beneath my Country's oaks;
Where, while their leaves a sacred shade dispense,
I cry,—Hail, England's beauty and defence!
Whose branches decorate our hill, and plain,
Whose trunks declare us masters of the main;
Doom'd by the axe to vegetate no more,
They form the wooden walls of Britain's shore.
- Cosey.* Away with rural life! a life of voids!
Place me, say I, among the folks at Lloyd's;
Where, though with noise of business almost stunn'd,
I cry.—Hail, England's Patriotic Fund!
Whose store a nation's opulence imparts,
Whose aim denotes a nation's glowing hearts.
Blest wealth! that gives our wounded tars relief,
Or soothes their widows' and their orphans' grief.
- Trot.* Come; since the bulk of Briton's show such spirit,
Let's own both Town and Country have their merit.
- Cosey.* Strike hands! Agreed! Let Englishmen ne'er doubt
on't,
But stick together, in the Town or out on't.
May unanimity ne'er be forgotten!
Thrive all our Trades!
- Trot.* Particularly cotton!
- Cosey.* (*Coming forward.*) Say, then, with us, to night, if
so it please ye,
Success to Town and Country!
- Both.* And we're easy.





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